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# Republicans Awake!

## Editorial Foreword

I AM A Republican. I am one who prefers the American two-party system to a European five-party medley or the Asiatic one-party idea now popular in several European nations. My family tradition rooted in the Republicanism of Lincoln has survived the mushiness of Harding, the do-nothing-ism of Coolidge, the acquiescence of Hoover. It is true that I have on occasion scratched the straight ticket. Theodore Roosevelt seemed to me a better Republican than Mr. Taft. I could not quite hold my nose tight enough to vote for Mr. Harding and excused my ballot for Cox and Roosevelt on the ground that they favored the League of Nations, which seemed to me then as it does now a good thing for us as well as the world at large. I believe Lincoln would have felt the same way about that.

Mr. Hoover I admired very much. I thought it a fine idea to try out an engineer as the chief executive of an engineering people. Mr. Hoover had splendid principles, but his conception of leadership was weak. He saw himself as the servant of the electorate, not as its teacher. Officially he subscribed to policies which personally he knew to be stupid; he resisted for a year but eventually signed a tariff of follies. He condoned industrial anarchy by the verbal magic of "rugged individualism." He did, however, inaugurate the New Deal when he persuaded a stupefied Congress in January, 1932, to legislate some of the new economic patterns required by our technologi-

cal age. Yet I could not bring myself to vote for Mr. Hoover a second time and I have consistently applauded the leadership of his Democratic successor in his sincere and splendid attempts to reform the rules of the Great American Game so that more of us can play it fairly.

## A SQUARE DEAL

MY REPUBLICAN Party, since the World War, has not given me a square deal. Through lack of leadership in the tradition of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt we have allowed ourselves to be branded with the contumely of toryism, of selfishness, of ruthlessness instead of rugged individualism. Probably only a Republican newspaper would have printed the following communication which appeared a few weeks ago in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

Now that all social-welfare legislation has been duly declared unconstitutional and the rights of property have been reinvested with that sanctity which was the first article in the credo of the fathers, who will be the first to start a test case to reveal the obvious unconstitutionality of the various projects for the relief of unemployment?

What right has the government to take my money from me (in the form of taxes) and give it to my neighbor, merely because he has the misfortune to be starving? After all, it is not my fault that he has nothing to eat, and if he claims that he "must live" I can always answer in the words of the French judge, 'Je ne vois pas la nécessité.' Yours for the Constitution.

There is, I maintain, for such an archaic form of Toryism as that expressed by the

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above writer, no longer room in any vital American political party. Nor did I read much comfort even for a conservative soul in the maxims of the recent Grass Roots Convention. The chief note of the Grass Rooters was veneration for the Constitution. Well and good, but I thank God that they did not vote to change the name of our party to the Constitutional Party. There is always one thing mightier than any Articles, no matter how sacrosanct they may seem to the generation which compiles them, and that is the will and the well-being of the American people.

If the ghost of Lincoln was visiting his mausoleum he must have been chagrined to hear his Grass Rooters praising States' rights. For it was Lincoln, father of Republicanism, who dissented from the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court and declared in his inaugural address:

If the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

There is much talk about the need of a conservative party in America by those who would assign that function to the Republicans. But the machine age moves so rapidly that what is conservative in one decade becomes medieval in the next. The real conservative party in America today is the Democratic Party, and even its achievements are Toryism compared to what so-called conservatives are doing in Europe. There is no place, no vitality for a party which seeks to revive discarded and unworkable principles. Let us Republicans leave States' rights to the Democrats to wallow in and flounder out of. The rapid passage of life across State lines today makes imperative regional understandings as well as national planning.

No, my Republican Party, to become once more a vital factor in our national life, must assert itself not as a reactionary but as a radical party. We must be radical not in the sense of brainstorm but in deep-rooted fundamentals, in the real meaning of grass roots. We must champion individualism but give it a new connotation. The Republican principle

of individual liberty must be restated not in terms of the industrial anarchy and exploitation of the post-War period but in the language of protection and encouragement of friendly and co-operative individualism. Let us not waste time trying to pick flaws in the New Deal. Our political opponents have done well in impressing moral codes upon business, and, although the compulsory restriction of child labor and the enactment of minimum wages have been declared unconstitutional, business and labor have recognized the benefits of fair play and by and large are voluntarily carrying on the principles of the codes.

### CO-OPERATIVE INDIVIDUALISM

IT IS UP to us Republicans to shake off the onerous duty of condoning greed and selfishness and beat the Democrats at their own game of fair play. Let us reach out more directly to the individual and tackle the economic riddle from the consumer-labor as well as the production-labor end. In other democracies — in Sweden for example — the consumer, the individual citizen, holds the balance of economic power. The Swedish consumer-co-operative societies, which account for one half that nation's business, do not purchase what is forced upon them by production. They produce for themselves what they want and what they need. They accept no loans from capital, no subsidies from government. Co-operative individualism as practiced in Sweden is analogous to the vital principle of our Republican Party.

If some Republican leader had the imagination to dramatize the idea of co-operative economics he would win millions of the new voters released by our schools and colleges. We have achieved a measure of political democracy but we do not yet understand the meaning of economic democracy. Here is the great opportunity for the Republican Party, the party of the individual citizen. Let Republicans be radicals in the real sense, not dangling our roots from the clouds but embedding them firmly in the ground of character and co-operative initiative.

*Henry Goddard Leach*

# Our Rostrum

## What Readers Write to the Editor

### SWEEPSTAKES

The Editor congratulates Mr. Arthur R. Blessing, of the Naval War College at Newport, R. I., for the alertness which has won the \$500 Sweepstakes award in THE FORUM's *Who Said It?* contest. He scored 57 out of a possible 60 points.

Winners in the June-issue contest are: \$50 to Olga Dee, 402 N. Monroe St., Media, Pa. \$10 each to Prescott H. Crowell, Westville, N. H.; Jessie L. Ferguson, 219 W. 13th St., Cedar Faces, Ia.; Betsy M. Fleet, 1 N. Boulevard, Richmond, Va.; Marion L. Kesselring, Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.; Sarah E. Large, 305 E. 7th St., Little Rock, Ark.; Mary Robert Lloyd, Lexington, Ky.; Ervie Lovejoy, Vermillion, S. D.; Elizabeth Steinmann, 141 Union Ave. N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Blance Trigg, 529 N. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.; Helen Young, 637 College Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

### THE VOTE ON BIRTH CONTROL

*In the June FORUM, the Editor printed an appeal to readers for answers to two questions on birth control: Do you believe that birth-control instruction is an integral part of preventive medicine? Do you believe that the federal laws which restrict the medical profession in giving scientific birth-control information should be amended?*

*As we go to press, the vote on the first question is: Yes 515, No 19; on the second, Yes 515, No 19. These figures do not take into account cards received from several organizations comprising hundreds of members and asking that a vote be registered for each.*

### A CORRECTION

To the Editor:

In the May issue the note introducing "Our Noisy Civilization" [by E. E. Free] states that "in 1925, Dr. Free . . . made the first survey of city noise ever undertaken."

There is some mistake here because the question of noise in New York was taken up by the New York Department of Health a number of

years prior to 1925 (I do not recall the year of their work). Out of their work grew certain ordinances in the city in regard to lessening the noises made in the early-morning delivery of milk, pianos and pets in apartments, quiet zones around hospitals (the one result that has traveled across the country), etc. In other words, the New York Health Department had for its object, as they said, to keep the hours from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. as free from noise as possible in order that those who worked might get a reasonable amount of restful sleep. I taught the findings of the N. Y. Health Department, in regard to the disturbance of sleep by noise, and their effort to, at least, lessen it in a big city for years before 1925.

LOUIE CROFT BOYD

Denver, Colo.

### GERMAN AND ENGLISHMAN

To the Editor:

As it stands, the dialogue between Mr. Vyvyan Adams and Mr. Jochen Benemann ["Where Is Young Germany Heading?" July FORUM] falls into the category of dialogues between those who like their coffee black and those who prefer cream in theirs.

For centuries the German authority tradition has been unconsciously pragmatic (i.e., it has not been inferred from any firm ground of human certitude but reflects merely the practical judgment — not necessarily dishonest — of those who have the will and power to govern). Possibly something like this was in Mr. Adams' mind: but *he did not raise the pragmatism issue*, did not get down to first principles, though these are naturally simple, not complex.

Very likely it would be footless today to raise that issue, for seemingly British intellectuals are as undisposed as ours are to recognize that the postulate, "Here am I," is the negation of the doctrine of pragmatism.

This postulate is by no one either doubted or doubtable. True, many excellent minds *profess* doubt, but no sane human being has ever *lived*

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or tried to live such doubt. It has become customary for "best minds" to take a stand on *both* sides of the basic question. That attitude has decided dialectical advantage: really prohibitive advantage.

Yet the causal connection between the worst of our current ills and our neglect to *use* our simple dogmatic first principle remains and will linger long.

What if the Germans should build on it! What a cultural hole they could put us in!

S. D. MERTON

*Germantown, Pa.*

To the Editor:

. . . Benemann makes his points much better than Adams and shows an understanding and tolerance beyond the grasp of the older man. Adams cannot forgive German youth for not being English. Strangely enough Christianity teaches denial of self for the greater good: "Forsake all others and follow me," which might be the State as God. And pagan philosophy has stressed the importance of the individual. Yet Christian England upholds pagan individualism, and would-be pagan Germany calls for Christian sacrifice of self for an idea. Nietzsche's race of supermen will be created the English way and not the neo-German I wager.

MARIE S. KLOOZ

*New York, N. Y.*

### FUNCTIONS OF THE PULPIT

To the Editor:

. . . Your editorial on "Pulpit and Public" [July FORUM] is, to my way of thinking, about the best thing that has been said in this field in ten years. It is more than an accurate appraisal of conditions. It is a profound interpretation of trends today, tinged with the prophetic.

The analyst can tell that something is wrong, and the diagnostician can tell what it is. But in the field of spiritual discernment it takes the prophet to add what ought to be done, how it can be done and to provide the passion to do it.

I hope as the result of your editorial a movement for new vision and new courage may take place in the Church and in its leadership. The Church has plenty of vitality — at least for

holding on. Failures were relatively few on account of the depression. For instance, here in Chicago we had 245 banks before the crash in 1929; now we have 43. Then we had 1,600 churches; now we have 1,600 churches. A few — perhaps a dozen — closed their doors, but that many new ones opened up. The gain in Church membership has been greater during depression years than during boom years.

But to hold on isn't enough. You have heard of the preacher who made his annual report as follows: "During the past year we have received none, dismissed none, married none, buried none, baptized none. Pray for us during the coming year, brethren, that we hold our own"!

Therefore your call to courage and opportunity is vital. In my rather extensive local contacts here both as Religious Editor of this paper and as a pastor, I am inclined to believe the timidity is economic — clergymen have felt they had to hang onto their jobs, and making a new world has slipped unpremeditatedly into second place in importance.

While such timidity is humanly excusable, it is the way of defeat for the Church. Your challenge, therefore is vital. . . .

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT  
*Religious Editor*

*The Chicago Daily News  
Chicago, Ill.*

### SCOTTSBORO

To the Editor:

. . . It ["South of Scottsboro," June FORUM] is such a plain and sensible presentation of about the toughest problem in America that there is little to say. Ben Cothran has told the story, and I have to suppose that the man who can see it all as clearly as this must put his faith in the notion that to understand is to begin to change. That is about the only notion a man can tie to in such a situation. The story will have to be told and retold in all its phases until it reaches down into this very curious, often very brutal, often very charming Southern civilization itself.

Neither the poor whites or the blacks made themselves or their conditions of life.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

*New York, N. Y.*

**Other letters from readers will be found on page VI of the advertising section.**

# Shall We Scrap the Constitution?

*A Debate*

## Yes—PAUL BLANSHARD

**T**HE FIRST THING necessary in discussing the American Constitution is to get away from the aura of words and to talk about the Constitution as a simple plan of procedure for governing the American people. The dictionary says that an aura is “a supposed subtle emanation from any body, or a sensation, as of a light vapor rising toward the head.” The light vapor that surrounds the Constitution is the result of a hundred forty-eight years of Fourth of July orations, plus the substantial success of one of the most successful governments of modern times. Our love of country and our traditional homage to the Constitution make most Americans wholly unable to discuss the national document as an efficient or inefficient plan of government apart from the “subtle emanations” of freedom, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, free competition, and the Stars and Stripes.

I think that the quickest way to cut through this aura is to submit the Constitution to a simple test. Suppose that America were faced with some great supernatural crisis in which it became obvious to everybody that the nation could survive only if it were organized on the most efficient basis, only if every ounce of human and natural energy and every grain of human talent should be used to the utmost. And suppose that the thirteen greatest experts in government were locked up in a room and ordered to write a document for the government of America which would guarantee the highest national efficiency. Would those experts in such a crisis write a constitution like the Constitution of 1787?

I think that the answer is obvious. They would rewrite the Constitution in terms of the machine age, breaking through State lines,

cutting out red tape, throwing overboard checks and balances, and giving us a modern governmental machine that could act swiftly.

We may be today in the very type of crisis that I have described. Our industrial system has broken down, we have eleven million unemployed, we have staggered through five years of depression with no immediate hope of recovery, and, when our government attempted to find a practical way out, the Supreme Court told us that the mild Roosevelt program for recovery was illegal because it did not conform to the conceptions of a constitutional convention which met in 1787.

In the first dismay caused by the Supreme Court's decision in the Schechter live-poultry case, the tendency of critics was to blame the Court itself for the whole sorry mess. Senator Norris demanded a constitutional amendment taking away from the Court the power to nullify the acts of Congress. Probably such a reform is desirable, but I think that to raise this issue today is only to evade the real question as to whether the Constitution gives us the kind of governmental framework that we ought to have. It seems to me that it is the Constitution and not the Supreme Court which is primarily at fault. If we did not have a thoroughly obsolete constitution, the Supreme Court could not hamper progress by interpreting it literally.

Certainly, if I had been sitting as a member of the Supreme Court in the NRA case, I should have been compelled to vote with the majority, no matter what I thought of John Marshall's original usurpation of power in 1803, because my sworn duty would have been to interpret words honestly and not to stretch plain meanings like a rubber check.

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**G**RANTED, THEN, that the Supreme Court was technically right in refusing to allow Con-

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gress to stretch the Constitution to include the NRA, I return to my thirteen experts locked in a room. They would not be bothered by traditions — most of them would not be lawyers. They would look at the Constitution as scientists, evaluating its provisions as calmly and impartially as a group of surgeons inspecting the operation of a hospital that had been built in 1787 — and slightly repaired since. (Incidentally, we take it for granted that doctors will discard obsolete methods and adopt promptly every new discovery in medical science but in the field of government we attach a certain bellicose sacredness to old usage.)

My thirteen experts would probably discover that the present Constitution hampers progress in at least five particulars.

First, *the Constitution is too inflexible.*

It takes too long to adopt an amendment, and the method of change, approval by three fourths of the State legislatures, is too cumbersome. One fourth of the States can completely block all constitutional change. When the nation makes a blunder, as it did in the case of the Prohibition Amendment, it takes years to rectify that blunder. If a handful of the thinly populated Southern and Midwestern States had decided to stand pat for the Prohibition Amendment in 1933, we should have had the spectacle of a small minority of the people imposing upon the whole nation a regulation impossible to enforce. It was sheer luck that this did not happen.

We need a mechanism for changing our basic law that will guarantee to a clear majority the right to make the alteration with reasonable speed. Great Britain can change its constitution by simple act of Parliament, and her democratic institutions are quite as stable as ours. In fact, no democratic nation in the world has so inflexible a constitution as we have.

Second, the Constitution hampers progress, because *it imposes upon us an artificial and obsolete distinction between executive and legislative functions.*

When a great corporation wants to get

something done, the board of directors approves a certain policy, and the officers of the corporation issue the orders and rules necessary to put that policy into effect. It would be considered silly to draw a strict line at the place where the power of the board of directors leaves off and the power of the executive begins. It is assumed that the corporation is a unit and that the board of directors can delegate to the executives enough power to get things done efficiently.

But the Supreme Court decision in the

Schechter case destroyed the NRA partly because Congress had delegated to the President some of its legislative powers. The Court insisted on keeping alive the old classifications of legislative and executive powers, as if these classi-

fications were sacred in themselves. They are, it seems to me, nothing but convenient generalizations. In general, Congress should pass laws, and the executive should carry them out, but, if Congress wishes to delegate some of its rule-making authority to the President to speed up governmental action in a crisis, there can be no real objection so long as the lawmakers do not permanently surrender their right to make the laws. Both Congress and the President represent the people, and the people have nothing to lose by genuine co-operation between them. Who cares whether forty per cent or sixty per cent of the national sovereignty is exercised by the President or by Congress or by neither or by both, since the object of democratic government is to get things done for the people with the least possible fuss and delay? The present checks and balances in the Constitution only create an artificial tension between the various branches of government, without any proportionate gain.

Third, the Constitution hampers progress because *it prevents central control of our economic life and a unified system of labor laws.*

The founding fathers could not possibly have known how urgent the need would be in 1935 for more-collective control of our economic life. They were individualists in eco-

**Paul Blanshard once intended to become a clergyman, but instead he took a sudden interest in some cotton-mill strikers. He has been an Associate Editor of The Nation, a labor-union organizer, a seam presser — and always a fighter for civic and social progress. At present he is Commissioner of Accounts of the City of New York, where he describes himself as a cross between a scavenger and a district attorney. His plea here for a federal constitution which will permit social and economic action in the national interest is quite in character with his service under the LaGuardia Administration in New York — for the working slogan of that group of public servants is: "Get THINGS DONE."**

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economic affairs because they were living in a premachine civilization, where reward was roughly proportioned to individual effort and where great monopolies did not challenge the power of democracy. Today the power of great economic groups is almost as great as the power of government itself. The little man is almost lost in a vast interdependent mechanism which he cannot control. State lines have little significance in that economic setup. Wage standards, hour standards, and prices are set by national competition, but, when the nation attempts to regulate industry, wages, and hours on a national basis, the Constitution stands there as a bulwark against progress. The Supreme Court, by a five-to-four decision, ruled that the federal government cannot even compel the railroads to adopt a pension system for their workers. And all because a vague sentence was written into Section VIII a hundred forty-eight years ago:

The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.

The reasons for limiting federal power to interstate commerce have long since disappeared, if in fact they ever existed, and today the argument of States' rights is chiefly a device used by reactionary industrialists to exploit child labor, pay low wages, or escape

the necessity of contributing to old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. The President's social-security bills are good in themselves, but their success is dependent upon State consent. Thus, fourth, *the Constitution frustrates our need of a national system of compulsory social insurance*, to protect the aged, the sick, and the unemployed, because all Americans are entitled to these social services as a human right, regardless of what State they happen to live in.

Fifth, and more significant even than this need of national social insurance, *the Constitution does not permit sound economic planning* to prevent unemployment in the future. Such planning is now frustrated by the interstate-commerce clause and by the Supreme Court's conservative interpretation of the due-process clause. In the inevitable drift toward more-collective control of our economic life, the people of the whole nation should be able to act as a unit, without such technical obstructions, since, after all, it is the people's will in 1935 and not the people's will in 1787 which is the most sacred thing in our democracy. Once the technical obstructions have been removed, we can trust the common sense of the people not to abuse their new freedom.

I suggest, therefore, that a constitutional convention should be called to modernize and humanize our system of government.

## No — GLENN FRANK

**I** AM QUITE as concerned as Mr. Blanshard is to see the dead hand of the past loosed from our throats. The difference between us arises when Mr. Blanshard junks, as dead, constitutional principles which I regard as very much alive and of critical importance to the national future in this phase of epidemic experimentalism.

The catalytic agent in the present situation is Mr. Roosevelt's obvious flirtation with the possibility of an

*What Glenn Frank has to say about the Federal Constitution should be important to most Americans, for, as journalist and educator, he has won for himself a notable position in this country, and one of wide influence, as an authority on government and economics. Dr. Frank was formerly associated with that apostle of progressive industrial methods, Edward A. Filene, and was for a time Editor of Century Magazine. Since 1925 he has been President of the University of Wisconsin. His books and lectures have been hailed by thousands as forward-looking contributions to the economic and political philosophy of America.*

unprecedented centralization of power in Washington, with a consequent reversal of the national tradition reflected in the Constitution. I consider the growing centralization of power in national governments a movement which, in its ultimate impact upon the lives of men, is rankly reactionary.

I am at one with Mr. Blanshard in wanting to cut through the aura to actuality in considering his contention that the Constitution is thoroughly obsolete and I think the Constitutional Fathers would agree with him that the Constitution should be considered in terms of its practical

utility under current circumstances. They were not so immodest as to assume that they were handing down immutable laws for all time to come. They faced the facts of their day as wisely as they could and framed policies for needs then current. They would be the last to want us to look upon the Constitution they drafted as a sacred revelation to a static society. And it is not treason to insist that the tools of government be kept intelligently adjusted to the tasks of government.

Agreeing then, that the sole test of the Constitution should be its utility under current circumstances, the question is this: Did the framers of the Constitution produce a charter of government which has been invalidated by the changed circumstances of 1935? Or did they avoid detailed provisions which social change always renders quickly obsolescent and produce a charter which grounds the national being on eternally sound principles of government which cannot be adjourned without ultimately destroying the central principle of self-government?

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IN THE LIGHT of historic experience, I must say *no* to the first question and *yes* to the second. There are, after all, but three directions in which a people can go governmentally. A people can ground its government on a centralization of power, a decentralization of power, or an organized balance of powers. The Constitutional Fathers chose, or were shoved by the compulsions of compromise into, the third way. With all its shortcomings, it has proved itself historically superior to the other two.

The centralization of power invariably ends in tyranny. Even when it has been effected with democratic consent and designed to serve emergency ends, centralized power has moved relentlessly in the direction of self-perpetuation. And, once firmly entrenched, with a presumption of permanence, centralized power has grown domineering. It has become less rather than more concerned with the common good. It has become the victim of whim and caprice. And a revolt of the governed has proved the only road to progress.

The decentralization of power, if pushed to the extreme, ends in anarchy. A decentraliza-

tion of power may work well in an excessively simple society. It becomes less and less efficient as a society becomes increasingly complex.

The organized balancing of powers is the attempt of mankind to find a workable compromise that will keep power centralized enough to achieve efficiency without tyranny and keep power decentralized enough to achieve freedom without anarchy.

It is this third way that the American people has sought to follow. It is this third way that the Constitution has charted. Like all compromises, it does not satisfy the logicians and it is the despair of the intellectuals who have a passion to blueprint the behavior of mankind. But it is, in my judgment, the way that the American people must continue to follow if the extremes of tyranny and anarchy are to be avoided.

Back in 1926, Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a dissenting opinion in the case of *Myers v. United States*, referring to the balancing of powers between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the national government, said:

The purpose was not to avoid friction but, by means of the inevitable friction incident to the distribution of the governmental powers among three departments, to save the people from autocracy.

This same shrewd insight was reflected in the Brandeis concurrence in the recent unanimous decisions of the Supreme Court.

The same might, I think, be said with equal truth of the division of authority between the States and the nation. We shall quite miss the point in the endless debate over the proper sphere of the federal government, if we fail to realize that the purpose of the Constitution is not to provide an instrument for complete efficiency in government but to furnish one that will protect the people from the abuse of power and give them a chance to be as efficient in governing themselves as a free people under democracy can be. At any given moment, a people can achieve greater efficiency of government by handing itself over to a benevolent autocrat. But all of human history proves that such efficiency is short lived and, in the end, causes more evils than it cures.

I can prove to myself, on paper, that the States are highly artificial units, as they undoubtedly are, and that we must find ways of tackling problems regionally, where the region

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rather than the State represents social and economic reality, but I cannot go on to the conclusion that we should therefore cut the ground from under the States and centralize power more and more in Washington. The Constitution does not descend to such detail in outlining the separation of powers between the States and the nation as to shut off all avenues for meeting problems that are manifestly regional or national. It leaves a liberal leeway for meeting these problems. And, even if it slows down progress at this or that point, it stands as a magnificent restraining wall against that excessive centralization of power which has covered the contemporary scene with Fascism and communism.

The central question of our generation is whether we can meet the problems thrown up by this age of science, technology, and power production under the long-established American tradition of private enterprise and political liberty or only through a sweeping reversal of this tradition. How much greater headway than we are making is Fascist Italy, communist Russia, Nazi Germany, or any of the nations with strong central governments making in really meeting these problems? They have imposed a measure of order upon situations that were chaotic. How far they have gone in solving the peculiar problems of this power age is not so clear.

I think I should agree with Mr. Blanshard that current circumstances call for a careful rethinking of the interstate-commerce and due-process clauses of the Constitution. I am inclined to think that everything the situation calls for can be met through statesmanlike judicial interpretation. Maybe not. Maybe amendment is called for at these two points. If so, such alterations of policy should follow a full and factual submission to the electorate. They should not board the ship of state as stowaways, in the guise of emergency measures.

I cannot join Mr. Blanshard in his insistence upon a constitutional convention to remake our system of government. When men meet to make or remake a government, the mood of the time dominates them. When the Constitutional Fathers assembled in Philadelphia, the mood of the time was for freedom, which necessitates a decent measure of decentralized power. A constitutional convention called now

would find the mood of the time for efficiency which, it is generally assumed, necessitates an extreme measure of centralized power. My own judgment is that this mood of the age is dictated by its own distraction. But this current mood is so powerful that it would force any constitutional convention to draft a charter that would have more of Fascism than of freedom in it.

## Rebuttal by Mr. Blanshard

**D**R. FRANK does not adequately describe the alternative to a more centralized government. In practice our choice is not between tyranny and liberty but between a centralized democratic government and a business hierarchy. The alternative we face may be described as "freedom" or a "balanced distribution of powers," but actually it is the kind of chaos and exploitation which existed in the United States in the Hoover Administration. The only power adequate to challenge the control of our life by the great business interests is a strong, centralized federal government, and the failure to secure such a government means less unemployment relief, more child labor, more gambling in Wall Street, lower wage scales, and all those things which the business interests accept as a permanent part of our economy.

Dr. Frank fears that more centralization will destroy democracy and lead to autocracy, and he cites Russia, Italy, and Germany as illustrations. Why not cite England, France, and Switzerland to prove the opposite? Practically all the governments in the world, including the most genuinely democratic governments, have the kind of centralized power which I describe, and centralization has not been necessarily a prelude to dictatorship. I draw from Russia, Italy, and Germany lessons exactly opposite to those drawn by Dr. Frank. It can be fairly argued that these three nations were captured by dictators largely *because* their democratic governments were feeble, divided, and indecisive when the situation called for swift action by a centralized power.

# Callie Long's Boy Huey

by JAMES RORTY

**I**N NEW ORLEANS I talked to an ancient native son of Louisiana, who put it substantially this way:

About ten years ago a Winn Parish boy — Callie Long's boy Huey, the one who always said he was going to be President some day — came to the big town and put on an act and then another act, until by now doggone if Huey ain't just about the biggest show in America.

It is indeed a continuous performance, in Washington, in New Orleans, in Baton Rouge. In March of this year I stood in the lobby of the Hotel Roosevelt in New Orleans and watched the curtain rise on one of the kaleidoscopic scenes of the Huey Long drama. Suddenly the doormen stood at attention. The little groups of pink-jowled politicians interrupted their side-of-the-mouth intimacies; the carp-faced tourists stood goggle-eyed, with open mouths. Preceded and followed by his bodyguards, a swaggering, red-faced figure strode through the revolving doors and into the elevator.

The Senator from Louisiana. The Kingfish. In the big suite on the fifth floor I knew that Huey and his henchmen would be busy until long after midnight. A crisis. Roosevelt, to use the phrase of one of Huey's journalistic enemies, had "stopped playing sissy politics." Farley had whispered, and Ickes had thundered. In the New Orleans office of the FERA, Early was out, and Peterman, archfoe of Long, was in. The big guns of federal patronage, to be given or withheld, were being unlimbered, at the same time that a battalion of federal income-tax investigators was sharpshooting at Huey's lieutenants. . . .

## LONG IS FOR CULTURE

**B**ATON ROUGE, the brand-new, beautifully landscaped campus of Huey Long's personal university, where, to celebrate its seven-

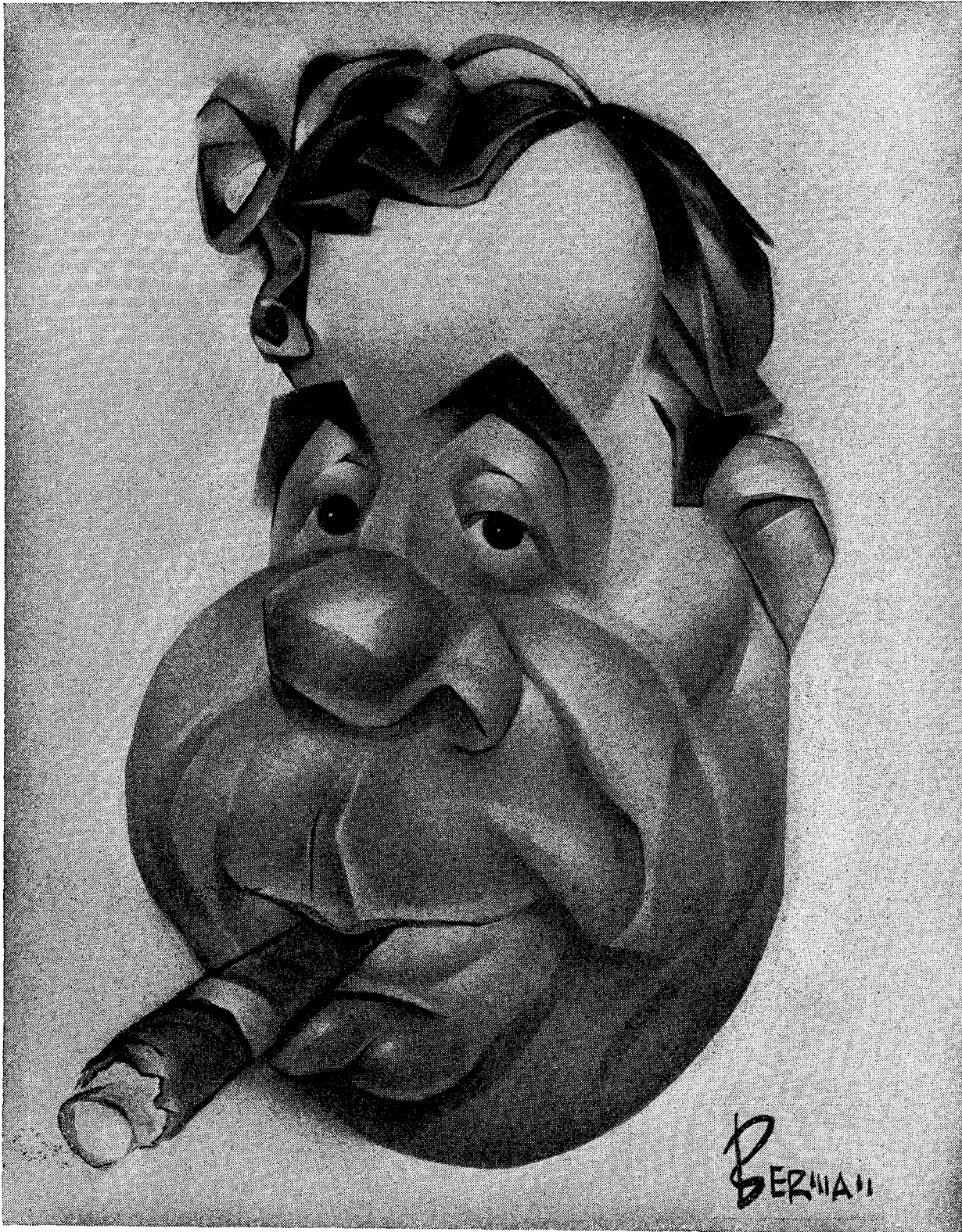
ty-fifth anniversary, Huey is staging the biggest educational show on earth. Scientists, savants, social workers, hospitably intermingled with poets, Rotarians, Lions, and Glenn Frank, throng the campus. It is the big day, the reception to the Italian Ambassador. Ta-ta-ra! The cadets are marching in blue and gold, a seven-foot drum major strutting at the head of the band. As they pass the reviewing stand, where are grouped the Ambassador, the Governor, Huey, and other notables, the band plays *Giovanezza*, the marching song of Mussolini's blackshirts.

The newsreel cameraman grinds furiously. A good show. "The only thing wrong with it," mutters John Gould Fletcher, standing with outthrust jaw beside me, "is that flag there. It ought to be the Confederate flag."

I stared at him. Fletcher and I, along with Allen Tate, Caroline Gordon, John Peal Bishop, and others of the Fugitive-Agrarian group of Southern writers, the editors of various Southern literary magazines, and such imported notables as Ford Madox Ford, are attending the Southern Writers' Conference, one of the side shows of Huey's multiringed educational circus. I am not a Southern writer; neither is Oliver Carlson, my journalistic colleague with whom I was at the moment collaborating. But we were most courteously entertained nonetheless, and we learned a good deal.

One of the first things we learned was that the Civil War is not over yet. When Southerners speak of the last war, they mean the Civil War and from their point of view they are right. These Southern writers, it seemed to me, represented what the South never quite was nearly a century ago and what they would obstinately like it to become, in spite of the fact that obviously and irreparably it has become something quite different. For a couple of decades since the Great War, Southern

## CALLIE LONG'S BOY HUEY



culture has been thumbing the highways of politics, sometimes deprecatingly, and again belligerently ("I Take My Stand") but always pretty much in vain. Is it without significance that the first politician to give Southern Culture a lift is, first, the son of an up-State hill-billy, second, the quasi-Fascist dictator of the

State, and, third, a candidate for the Presidency on a fake Share the Wealth program which is either Fascist or nothing?

Just what kind of a lift is Huey giving Southern Culture and by what methods? Let Huey himself answer the question. He spoke at the dinner to the Italian Ambassador, fol-

lowing the review of Louisiana State's R.O.T.C. (The Ambassador also spoke, but briefly, cautiously, even a little nervously, as became a diplomat in a tight spot.) Said Huey:

It seems that many have questioned whether I have interfered with the operation of the University, and Dr. Smith [the President of Louisiana State] has said that I haven't. I am slandered by the President when he says that I did not interfere. I want to assert that as a matter of fact I have interfered. I interfered when they were reducing salaries all over the United States and I stepped in and prevented the reductions at L. S. U. . . . We started out when I became Governor with about \$650,000 a year. The assessment of the State then was about \$1,700,000,000, and the half-mill tax was yielding then about \$800,000 a year, but that tax would not be giving but about \$650,000 a year. . . . It is now getting about \$2,700,000 a year. I interfered and gave them some more money. I am going to quit this interference at the first opportunity and give the job to Dr. Smith and let him and the others stay up nights with legislators, getting the additional votes necessary to put the legislation over.

We are celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the University. I have had considerable to do with only the last five years and I am going to give some advice to the colleges. . . . You will find that you cannot do without politicians. They are a necessary evil in this day and time. You may not like getting money from one source and spending it for another. But the thing for the school people to do is that if the politicians are going to steal make them steal for the schools.

Note the rigorous logic of the Senator's point of view. Public education is a matter of using political means to direct public money into educational channels. Politics is larceny. The job of the educators is to aid and abet political larceny.

Interestingly enough, the visiting educators rather admired Huey's bold and forthright tactics. They even enjoyed the characteristic sadism with which Huey rubbed the noses of the servants of culture into the brutal realities of spoils politics. They liked Huey better than Glenn Frank, who came and went the evening before, giving us his familiar version of the Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze. Mr. Frank started in by approving as practical and necessary the co-ordination of education with the State power; he concluded by making equally fierce faces, first at the politicians who dared to infringe upon the integrity and freedom of educators and second at educators who were so recreant to the trust reposed in them by the State as to "propagandize" their classes, instead of jumping them through the conventional hoops of "objectivity."

Clearly, the Senator from Louisiana has no monopoly of demagoguery. But I was struck by the relatively superior astuteness and logic of Huey's performance. What he said about Louisiana State University was approximately true. But what the Senator did not say is also true: that Louisiana's educational picture as a whole is dark and growing darker. Free schoolbooks, yes. But during the Long regime the salaries of teachers in the elementary and secondary schools have been repeatedly cut. The average for white teachers in the elementary schools last year was \$621.95; for Negro teachers \$218.97 — both figures representing substantial reductions from the preceding year. Moreover, unpaid salaries amounted to a million and a quarter, double the total outstanding the year before.

Why does Louisiana State University occupy its preferred position? Because it is not only a good showpiece but a useful instrument for Fascist "co-ordination" of the middle class. Ninety per cent of the L. S. U. students are for Long — they had better be if they expect to get the jobs which are liberally distributed to right-minded students. Moreover, the more energetic and loyal of these students are encouraged to take graduate work in other universities and there start Share the Wealth clubs.

According to the officials of Louisiana State, some of whom profess strong liberal views, they and their teachers enjoy untrammelled academic freedom. Did not George Counts, of Columbia, make the principal address on the occasion when L. S. U. awarded honorary degrees to the Italian Ambassador and others? He did, and it was an excellent, forthright, radical speech, lacking only specific mention of Huey Long, what he has done to the State of Louisiana, and what he proposes to do to the nation. The public utterances and writings of the teachers in L. S. U.'s social-science department exhibit similar discreet omissions.

## BIG BUSINESS, BIG BLUFF

AS WITH EDUCATION, so with Huey's sham battles with big business and his sham support of labor. As clearly shown by Oliver Carlson in his series in the *New York Post*, Huey's theory and practice have been severely practical with respect to both issues. "Socking big business" made excellent political

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capital for Huey's debut. But, points out Carlson

in Shreveport he at one and the same time secured a small reduction in the electric-light rate and allowed a thirty-eight-per-cent increase in the gas rate. The same company, Southwestern Gas and Electric Company, operated both services and lost nothing by the deal. Moreover, Southwestern Gas and Electric contributed not less than \$10,000 to Huey's campaign expenses in the 1924 gubernatorial contest, according to Long's own campaign manager.

Undoubtedly Huey's initial tub thumping caused perturbation in the breasts of the Louisiana magnates, but business is quick to recognize a practical man in politics, and by this time this recognition is pretty general. Otherwise, why were Carlson, Carleton Beals, and I unable to induce a single representative of big business to make a forthright attack upon Long?

I did induce one corporation lawyer, a well-known and irreconcilable enemy of Long, to talk a little but strictly not for quotation. What has happened, he said, is that today New Orleans business is largely owned by holding companies or large industrial corporations with headquarters in New York or Chicago; this trend toward absentee ownership has been accelerated during the depression. Hence, many of the important executives are not native owner-managers but satraps sent down from the North to manage a unit of a national or international enterprise. In the old days, the native businessmen would buy political insurance by contributing to the campaign funds of relatively honest candidates. Today, the imported satraps are more likely to negotiate an offensive political maneuver: they pay for the election of a crook and bargain for specific advantages.

### LABOR OUT OF LUCK

**B**UT HUEY will also need to keep his political fences in good repair with respect to labor. Again, one may expect to see him apply the unscrupulous logic which has governed his whole career. Showmanship is cheaper than statesmanship. It is more practical to buy labor leaders with jobs and cheat the laboring masses with demagoguery than to fight honestly for better wages and better conditions of labor, since the latter course would necessitate real battles, instead of sham battles, with big business. So one may safely predict, despite

Huey's showmanship both in Washington and in Louisiana, that he will continue to behave both in State and in national politics as a logical power politician — the ablest, on the whole, that the South has had since the Civil War.

As I write this, Huey is filibustering in the Senate against the wage scale set by the President for the \$4,000,000,000 work-relief expenditure, a scale which drops to \$19 a month for common labor in the South. But, some time back, when a delegation of union leaders asked Huey to require his road contractors to pay the prevailing scale of wages, he replied angrily: "You fellows should be glad to get a job at any wage and of any kind, without bothering about wage scales."

This is the logic of capitalism in its present period of decline. It is the logic of Fascism, of which Huey is to date almost the only definitive and formidable exponent in America. Huey's showmanship, his back-of-the-scenes trading with the satraps of big business, his ruthless purchase and coercion of votes — all are understandable in the terms of this logic.

Yet, put it all together, and it does not constitute a true or sufficient explanation of Huey Long and his following. A formidable Fascist movement cannot be organized and led by a super-robot demagogue who functions merely as a logical cog in an evolving politico-economic mechanism. The Senator from Louisiana is not pure charlatan — the ablest charlatans are never pure, and they always express something beside themselves and their personal wills to power. Mussolini, in the period of his struggle for power, had the support of Italian finance and industry, who saw in him the instrument of their salvation; but his appeal was to the national memory — a drive to rehabilitate the grandeur that was Rome. Hitler had the support of Thyssen and others; but his appeal was to the hatred and resentment of a conquered and humiliated people — his slogan the repudiation of the War guilt and of the Treaty of Versailles. Huey Long has by this time the support of an influential section of Louisiana business (Oliver Carlson estimates that fifty per cent of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce are for him), but his appeal is to the century-old hatred of the Southern hillbillies for the plantation owners and for the new hierarchy of big business centering in New

Orleans. To them and to the middle classes of the cities and towns, Huey poses the rhetorical question: "Little Man, what now?" and then answers for them: "Every man a king!"

### HERE THE GREAT MAN STARTED

**F**ROM BATON ROUGE I drove south into the not-so-idyllic "Evangeline country," where I found the Cajun trappers fighting fitfully to establish a union that would give them some protection against the extortion of the land-owners and the fur traders — among the chief of whom is one of Huey's principal political lieutenants. Then, circling north through the rice plantations — on one of which, owned by a Long supporter, Huey arranged to have convict labor employed, despite the State law specifically prohibiting it — I came at last to the Free State of Winn, otherwise known as Winnfield Parish, where Huey Long was born and where his eighty-three-year-old father still lives.

He dwells on the edge of the town of Winnfield, county seat of Winn Parish, in a new, single-story bungalow at the end of a lane, about a hundred yards from the site of the log cabin in which Huey was born. He and Huey's brother, Earle, received me cordially and invited me to share their supper of cheese, crackers, and beer.

It was scarcely an interview. Huey Long, Sr., had something to say, not for his son but for himself — a simple, violent person, still violent at eighty-three, the big-boned, six-foot frame erect and powerful, the voice roaring. This is what he said:

"Didn't Abraham Lincoln free the niggers and not give the planters a dime? Why shouldn't Huey take the money away from the rich and still leave 'em plenty? Abe Lincoln freed the niggers without price. Why shouldn't the white slaves be freed, and their masters left all they can use?"

He paused. "Maybe you're surprised to hear talk like that. Well, it was just such talk that my boy was raised under and that I was raised under. My father and my mother favored the Union. Why not? They didn't have slaves. They didn't even have decent land. The rich folks had all the good land and all the slaves — why, their women didn't even comb their own hair. They'd sooner speak to a nigger than to a poor white. They tried to pass

a law saying that only them as owned land could vote. And, when the war come, the man that owned ten slaves didn't have to fight."

The dropped mouth of the old man writhed, contorted, spat out this ancient, still-vivid hatred. Suddenly he collapsed in his chair.

"There wants to be a revolution, I tell you. I seen this domination of capital, seen it for seventy years. What do these rich folks care for the poor man? They care nothing — not for his pain, his sickness, nor his death. And now they're talking again about keeping the poor folks from voting — that same talk. I say there wants to be a revolution."

The effort had exhausted him. "Son, I'm an old man," he rumbled. "But I'm not too old. I know what I'm sayin'. . . . Take this down, son. Whatever I say is said conscientious. I hope what Huey says is conscientious and I kind of think it is."

The old man dozed in his chair. Earle Long and I munched crackers and drank beer. Would Huey run for the presidency in 1936? I asked. Earle thought he would. "Huey thinks the Republicans will run Hoover, and, if they do, he'll have a walkover."

I shook my head. "Is he serious?" Earle shrugged.

A little later I unlatched the gate of Huey Long, Sr.'s, cow pasture and walked down the lane. I had found what I was looking for — the sociological springboard of Huey's rise to fame and power. As with Mussolini and Hitler, it was a war. But not the Great War. Just as my Southern friends had been telling me, it was the Civil War.

### WINN — PARISH OF DISCONTENT

**T**WENTY MILES back in the hills from Winnfield is the village of Sikes: a filling station, two stores, an ancient, unused hotel, sagging on its foundations, a one-room shack that serves as office for the village doctor. All the old and middle-aged people in and around Sikes know Huey; some of them are kin to the Longs, who once owned a hundred-sixty-acre farm in the vicinity. Huey and his brother Earle worked this farm: their father would take them out of school to help make a corn crop.

Most of the corn and cotton farmers owned their own land then. Today the lumber and paper companies and the banks own eighty-

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five per cent of it; of the remaining fifteen per cent, perhaps ten per cent are free from mortgages. Until comparatively recent years, these hills were heavily forested with pine. The farmers would clear an acre or two, cultivate it as long as it remained fertile, then let it go for taxes. In the early days, the forest was the foe of the homesteader; the timber was considered valueless, and lumber companies acquired big tracts for a pittance.

The hill farmers were poor then, and life was primitive. The village doctor, who is now sixty-one, told me that he was fourteen years old before he saw a mule: it was oxen then that dragged the homemade carts, loaded with a few bales of cotton, over unspeakable roads to the nearest shipping point.

The hill farmers are poorer than ever now: they have lost their land and most of them are either renters or share croppers. And, since erosion — a natural process which Secretary of Agriculture Hyde once described as the “friction of the mortgage on the farmer’s pocketbook” — has carried most of the topsoil down the river, the hill farmers produce less than half as much cotton to the acre as the good land of the Yazoo Delta. The hill farmers are poor: no paint on the two- and

three-room shacks; often no steps on which to mount the sagging porch; no radio; soapboxes instead of chairs; corn pone and fat meat to eat — yes, and potlikker, of course. And most of them are for Huey Long, regardless.

Regardless of what?

Regardless of the fact that Winnfield Parish — the Free State of Winn, during the Civil War — has been for nearly a hundred years one of the most radical spots on the whole map of the South. Regardless of the fact that many of the ex-Populists and exsocialists who vote for Huey are privately skeptical of Huey’s sincerity and of the cogency of his Share the Wealth program. They are skeptical but, like Huey’s own father, they hope or “kind of think” that he is conscientious.

History books are deplorably lacking in significant minutiae. Most of those I consulted had nothing to say about Winn Parish. But the memories of the old-timers are extraordinarily fresh: they check with each other; and I am confident that the following sketch is substantially accurate.

When the Civil War broke out, Winn Parish sent a delegate, David Pierson, to the convention called to organize the Confederacy. He was

*(Continued on page 126)*

# Men Against Women

*by* DOROTHY SABIN BUTLER

**A** YOUNG MAN of my acquaintance who had lived abroad for some years, returning home reluctantly because of the financial difficulties of his family, recently wrote a letter to a New York newspaper, which appeared under the title “Woman the Menace.” This letter was in answer to the query, “What is the matter with the United States?” This fulminating expatriate found that women were what was the matter.

Economically; because they prefer to express

their precious individuality, he wrote, by superseding men in the world of business, rather than preparing well-turned lamb chops or pushing vacuum cleaners in the security of their homes — the domestic responsibilities for which nature has fitted them. Intellectually; because, instead of encouraging their masters, men, they dominate the newspapers and magazines with easy drivel which results in American thought ceasing to pack a wallop. (He allowed several first-rate minds among our

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women and mentioned Pearl Buck, now Walsh, and Katherine Anthony as among the few geniuses.) Domestically, he claimed, American women are out of hand and so exigent toward their men that American family life is a routine subject for humorists all over the world. Even their famous pulchritude is compared unfavorably with the beauty of the Scandinavians and the gorgeous creatures of the Russian Caucasus, and the soft voice, play of facial expression, and intelligent vivacity of the women of Continental Europe are markedly absent here. Finally, they lack respect for men, which is so essential to pleasant relations between the sexes on any basis.

This diatribe brought forth a host of published responses from both men and women. Retorts and counter-retorts flew back and forth, most of them accepting as "sane and true" some of the grievances listed. The men were openly or facetiously sympathetic. One of them wrote, "I say, 'Heil Hitler,' for telling women where they belong in this mundane sphere." The same gentleman accused American women of immature intellectual development, as evidenced by their constitutional weakness for pink fingernails and carmined lips, and at the same time denounced them for taking bread from the mouths of family providers by occupying their places in the business world. In other words, these cases of arrested development have been usurping the places of men!

The replies of the women on the whole showed a much broader grasp of the situation and were superior in logic and relevance. (Doubtless they came from those few first-rate minds.) One woman went straight to the heart of the matter when she said:

American men have made a hard, ugly world: too hard, lately, for even themselves. Let them be strong to survive or mend it — not berate woman because her nature had to change in order that she might endure.

Another woman said, "My desire is to defend both sexes. There should be no offense on either side."

There should indeed be no offense on either

side, but there is plenty of evidence of a widespread and offensive criticism of American women by American men.

"I hate American women," exclaimed a man in my presence not long ago, adding hastily but not convincingly, "present company excepted."

"Why?"

"Oh, they don't understand a man; they're always wanting to be fussed over and waited on; they think they're God Almighty! What they need is a good crack over the head!"

This was not Bill Sikes talking but a prosperous American businessman whose American wife sat beside him, trying to look impersonal and amused. They too had lived for many years in Europe.

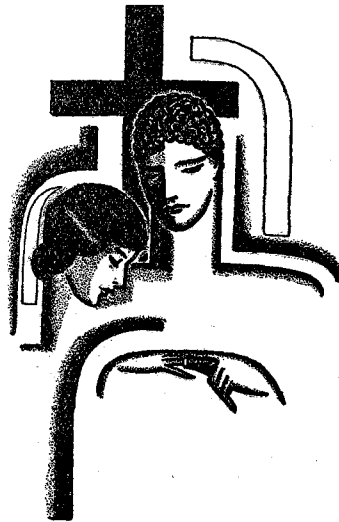
In my ten years abroad, I never heard a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Italian say that he hated the women of his country. I think it was Dickens who

said, "Show me the man who inveighs against women, and I will show you he is not a man." Those are harsh words. I should amend them to "I will show you there is something wrong with him."

It is time that the women of this country abandoned the placating, half-guilty attitude with which they meet these male strictures and attacked the roots of the problem. They will find that the original choice of the American way of living, though unconscious, was man's choice and that men are responsible for the state of affairs they so illogically and ungraciously resent. American men and women need each other's undivided allegiance in fighting the disintegrating forces of the times, and it is imperative that they clear away the quicksand of appearance which hides them from each other, in order to stand together on solid ground.

## II

**E**ARLY IN OUR national development, women ceased their active participation in the lives and interests of men. In colonial days they shared the heroic labors of men in every field of activity. But, as the burdens and perils



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of pioneer life lessened, women were no longer needed in the world of adventure in which they had done such yeoman service. There was plenty to do in the home. Woman's life contracted as woman's "place" was defined.

The American man, on the other hand, challenged by uncharted wealth and boundless opportunity, found his life expanding in an intoxicating world of men, where the rewards for strength and initiative were high and immediate. He gave no time to woman and to the subtleties of life and love. He justified his selfish satisfaction of the purely masculine ego by pouring the rich spoils of his efforts at the feet of woman, who lost her birthright and thus became the symbol of his prowess. When leisure and freedom such as no other woman has attained released her energies, the American woman discovered she had no companion and must create new fields of activity for herself.

It is true that women have power in this country and that a large percentage of the nation's wealth is in their name. The fact that they have been able to work at achieving power over a long period of time is due to the indifference of men and their absorption in the competitive struggle. Man's chosen life excluded woman from the share of his energy which belonged to her and to human relationships in general. American men have been carried away by the excitement of the "game" for its own sake. To it they have sacrificed the major part of their lives, hopes, ambitions. For it they have neglected women and those values of life which association with women brings.

The situation today is anomalous. The women of other nations envy the American woman her prestige and accomplishment. A Frenchwoman said to me in Paris, after the War, "We shall never be content, since meeting your fine American men, till we can respect ourselves and make ourselves respected as they respect you." Yet these same fine American men seem to be expressing, rather, a bitterness and contempt which does little credit to their faculties and which is slanderously unfair to American women.

The strain of the past few years has brought to the surface, without clarifying them, long-hidden misunderstandings between men and women. The reflection of these feelings can be seen not only in sporadic outbursts like those I have quoted but in social gatherings, on stage and screen, in comic strips, and in sure-fire vaudeville wit. A sense of failure, now that the economic situation is out of hand, turns man's attention toward woman, and she becomes the scapegoat for his sins of omission and commission.

The composite picture of the American woman that emerges, seen through men's eyes, is unflattering, to say the least. She is determined to be good-looking at any cost. She spends a great deal on clothes and the care of her beauty. She is hell-bent on culture. She refuses to grow old gracefully. She is impatient of her long-suffering husband, who slaves day and night to gratify her caprices. She often prefers flibbertigibbet foreigners to her solid, laconic mate, who has no time for the frills of life. She is shrewish and domineering, and it is fun to see her taken down a peg.

Her male companionpiece is a lovable, simple soul, the epitome of the masculine virtues. He is honest and upright but a keenly competitive businessman, whose sharp practices win the approbation of his fellows. He is a kind, faithful husband and father, who spends most of his time on his own affairs and laments, "I gave them everything they asked for," when his family disintegrates. He steals away from his wife's parties to play golf and poker with other men, and his loud complaints at donning evening dress and his predilection for carpet slippers are sympathetic attributes. He is a frustrated soul, a martyr to the unintelligible and unreasonable demands which his wife makes on his simple nature.



### III

A CONFUSED sense of injury, an assertion of a masculine as opposed to a feminine attitude toward life underlie these manifestoes. The women wear the pants in this country, they say over and over in pseudohumorous or

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vindictive vein. We must escape their domination, we must keep alive the male principle. This was the obsession of the Englishman D. H. Lawrence, but he wrote to his mother-in-law:

I think America is a land of men, absolutely devoid of the real courage of trust. . . . They can't trust life till they can control it. . . . So much for them, the cowards!

A vivid memory remains with me from an early reading of Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labor*. Man and woman are depicted shackled together. Man strains at the chains, his face averted from woman, who has struggled to her knees and is trying to take his hand in order to walk beside him. The significance of the picture for me is their ineluctable dependence on each other. Neither can progress alone.

Education and training as well as the folkways of this country emphasize the independence, rather than the interdependence, of the sexes. It is a fine thing for boys and girls to share work and play in a spirit of impersonal rivalry, to grow up on an equal footing, free of humiliating restraints. With this preparation as a basis, adult life should be enriched by understanding and sympathy and by a greater capacity for mature love and marriage.

The inoculation does not work, however, because the stress in America lies too heavily on direct action, whose success or failure can easily be measured; and since this is, contrary to popular supposition, a man's country, a man's yardstick is used. The American girl, following the male pattern, enters the "business of life" well-equipped to hold her own in a man's world. She developed the necessary qualities for survival against the background of men's indifference but she won and holds her place not through men's indifference or gallantry but through a never-ending struggle in which the cards are stacked against her by the unresolved problem of instinctive male prejudice. Nothing in her education and training has taught her the importance of her special province, the art of human relationships. Depths of feeling which should be operating in her daily life are untapped and unsuspected. She has become, defensively, like the American man, a self-charging dynamo in a world of dynamos which has desperate need of her counterbalancing influence.

Because of this duplication of values, because the masculine and feminine streams of

energy run parallel and never merge, the American home has become a taking-off station, not a center from which the family draws its inspiration. The vicious circle of "keeping up with the Joneses" brought into the home the two most typical elements of the outside world—unassimilated change and unbridled competition. Women are erroneously blamed for this stupid phenomenon of American life. Of course it springs directly from the fact that men have made power their god and have offered women power and money as sops for withholding themselves. Women are, therefore and unfortunately, "exigent" not toward the man but toward the machine which has been substituted for him.

The result of this false situation is a lack of coherence and emotional balance which causes us to rush in and out of endless experiments and which gives to even solid achievement an appearance of confusion and superficiality. The principles on which marriage and family life are based in this country should be preserved at any cost. They posit the freedom of women and children as individuals, while recognizing the obligation to protect them. Yet how defend these institutions against reactionary forces in the face of our high divorce rate? Since our social thinking is largely *post factum* and something of a hothouse growth, we acquiesce in praise and censure alike and so continually run the risk of throwing out the baby with the bath water.

## IV

SINCLAIR LEWIS has made the greatest single contribution to the composite picture of American life accepted at home and abroad. It is valuable because he has a genius for accurate reporting, more valuable as a social document because his is so typically the American male attitude. His voice is a stentorian shout, rebellious and penetrating, never a clear call above the battle. There is no "female drivel" about our prize spokesman!

The excellent play *Dodsworth*, taken from Lewis' book of the same name, has the essential elements and point of view of the comic strips, *Mr. and Mrs.* and *Pa's Son-in-Law*. *Mr. and Mrs.* are more sympathetic and less crudely drawn than *Pa* and *Ma Splutterfuss*, but both couples battle acrimoniously over the woman's effort to incorporate some of her

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values into their joint life. They represent a league of men against a league of women.

There is an astonishing similarity between the setups of *Pa's Son-in-Law* and *Dodsworth*. Pa Splutterfuss has acquired plenty of money through the sterling qualities of a self-made man. Ma Splutterfuss is a discontented, domineering shrew whose social and cultural ambitions make her the dupe of Pa's pet abomination, the English son-in-law. The English son-in-law is the natural enemy of the American man, the "foreigner" whose airs and graces are so dear to the American woman and so upsetting to the peace of the American male.

Fran and Sam Dodsworth are a synthesis of these lay figures and of Lewis' previous characterizations. The man is worthy of our admiration and liking, but the woman is the domino to be knocked over by the author and popular prejudice. She is vain and immature, in spite of married children and twenty odd years of a successful career as wife and mother. Her husband is loving and faithful, but she still demands of him something that eludes him (and the author as well) — some tribute which she finds in the attentions of the men she meets on their trip abroad. In the end, her husband rebels against her pettiness, and she returns to America alone, defeated in her attempt to marry the German youth who has fallen in love with her and leaving her husband to a bigger and better woman.

That is the stock male solution — a bigger and better woman for a man from whom life and love do not equally exact change and development. There is no comprehension of an unmet fundamental need as a source of the wife's behavior.

**C**LUBS AND society, social service, sports, professional and business careers, politics are the American woman's substitutions for the erotic element in her life. She has pushed onward and outward in ever-widening circles, and it is inevitable and right that she should. Woman's place, like man's, is wherever her capacity qualifies her to be. But her capacity qualifies her primarily to love and be loved in accordance with the inherent needs of her nature, and there is no general substitution possible without serious detriment to both man and woman.

The conception of love as science or art, rite and privilege, develops from the practice of love-making and the assumption that it is an indispensable part of living, as well as of loving. A puritanical heritage, and the hardships of pioneer life in the beginning presented an unyielding surface for such a growth. Although stultifying restrictions gradually disappeared, the seed was never planted, and the dynamic energy necessary for its cultivation continues to be directed into other channels.

The post-War years have thrown up an effective smoke screen around a central unchanged position. There was a great to-do about sex. On every side and from every angle, sex was furiously publicized. It was usually embodied in flaming youth and dancing mothers. The depression, and, as someone has wittily observed a book called *Is Sex Necessary?*, which uproariously expressed the healthy reaction of the country, marked the passing of the obsession.

The so-called modern attitude toward sex is like an Italian façade on a New England cottage: inside the furniture has not changed. It is a singularly graceless imposition, whose psychology is hard and defiant. Behavior like that of the greedy crow, who thought he saw a larger piece of cheese and dropped what he held in his mouth, is hailed as emancipation from the old order.

The premarital amorous relationships of the American youth of today are formless and staccato. They do not teach him how to make and keep a woman happy. On the contrary, since they are not integrated into his life (as they are in other countries) and occupy a relatively small portion of his time and attention, they tend to make him restive and shallow in love. He rarely cultivates his perceptions. Nothing in his experience shows him the enormous returns in satisfaction and joy of focusing his entire attention on a woman and appreciating her fully. Women blossom and expand under such treatment — indeed, they never come to full possession of themselves without it — which is the reason they often succumb, in a way that seems incongruous, to the men who know how to give it to them. American men look with suspicion and contempt on the European's easy success with American women, but the profound reason for it escapes them.

Playing at love is vastly different from engaging in love play. We confound the two.

## THE FORUM

There is no profit in repeating a monotonous formula while on the wing, as it were, in any number of episodes. This is the American way of playing at love and has nothing to do with the grace of feeling which love play demands. Playing at love is a sterile pastime at best, but it is dangerously so for a people whose mental age is far in advance of its emotional one.

### VI

**M**AN IDENTIFIES woman directly with Nature because she is the reproducer of life. Since he must dominate nature in order to exist, his instinct is to dominate woman too, lest she envelop him like the jungle and he perish. This is a false and atavistic identification, which does not bear the light of reason. Had woman been a parasite vine, she would have withered long ago for lack of sustenance. Had her mental, moral, and physical potentialities differed widely from man's, she could not have duplicated his accomplishment. She, far from enveloping man, developed strong, independent roots through fighting not only Nature but man's blind instincts and her own — and this in spite of man's tyranny and her biological handicap.

The battle goes on, and there can be no *entente cordiale* until man ceases to regard woman, instinctively, as a fear-inspiring natural force like electricity, to be used and controlled for his own ends. She is an entity like himself, of equal splendor as an individual, and subject to corresponding deviations in species. When he consents to learn from her, as she has learned from him, the value and meaning of her innate variation from himself, then and then only can mutual resources be pooled for the common good.

The American man is for me, to quote a popular song, the "top." The unique circum-

stances which formed him have cast him in a generous mold. He is potentially the ideal mate of the American woman, of any highly developed woman. But it is not mere fantasy which finds in his baffled protest the possibility, under stress, of a serious reactionary movement against women.

Woman is always in greater danger from subversive mass movements than man, because she takes the place of the medieval whipping boy, who bore the brunt of his master's real or fancied defections. The regimentation in Italy and Germany has resulted in the reappearance of the cave man, brandishing his club and ordering woman back to her exclusively biological and domestic functions.

The position of the American woman would seem to be relatively secure, but no woman can be certain she is impregnable against an attack on her blind side. Appeal to her deepest instincts, to love and protect, convince her that the only way to save her loved ones is to sacrifice herself, and she can be driven into any form of slavery or compromise.

The American woman has the greatest advantages of any modern woman. She is co-worker with man in positions of responsibility and trust throughout the whole fabric of our social and economic life. She can hold her own in abstract discussion and in dealing with concrete problems. It is her duty, then, to shirk neither the great cultural task of interpreting men and women to each other nor the concrete problem of their relationship in this country.

I rest my case with the belief that American men and women are fully equipped to supplant arbitrary opinions with real knowledge. I rest it with the plea that they set about doing this at once. We have the energy and intelligence for success. It is a task worthy of our pioneer tradition. The rewards may be incalculable.



# The New Deal Ahead

## *The Future of Consumer Co-operation*

by **BERTRAM B. FOWLER**

**W**HEN THE FRAIL and tattered shadow of the once blue and robust symbol of the NIRA flitted from the American scene on the winds of the Supreme Court's decision, there went up a great tumult from the face of the land. A lot of that tumult was little more than mere noise. There were loud and raucous huzzas from big business leaders who had been feeling the pinch of government supervision and who anticipated the return of their old and beloved license to exploit unhindered. There were loud and anguished wails from those who envisaged this same big business reverting to the jungle practices of wage slavery and sweat-shop peonage. But what made all these wails, ululations, and utterances meaningless was the strange absence of any real and discriminating knowledge of what it was all about.

The decision of the Supreme Court was unanimous. In this case there were no dissenting liberals. Which means that there was undeniably something radically wrong with the NIRA. The Supreme Court made its decision on the grounds of unconstitutionality. The Constitution of the United States, when all is said and done, is the statement of democracy upon which the nation has been founded. If the NIRA was, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, unconstitutional, it was, then, undemocratic. In this light let us look at the NIRA.

The whole experiment was called the New Deal. It was hailed as ultra-American. It was, we were told, something new in the way of regulatory legislation. But, since we have it on Biblical authority that there is nothing new under the sun, we should feel no qualms of conscience when we examine the defunct bird in an attempt to ascertain its lineage and relationships, however far-removed or obscure.

When we examine the NIRA in this light,

strange conformations appear that make the decision of the Supreme Court more understandable. There can be no doubt in anyone's mind that the codes and rules the NIRA embodied were drawn up in an honest and sincere attempt to curb reprehensible practices and tactics that had grown up during the depression.

But, though the actuating spirit may have been genuinely sincere, there was a total disregard of democratic principles. This attempt at the betterment of intolerable conditions was molded and framed in forms utterly at variance with true democratic practice.

The NIRA, regardless of the sincerity of those who brought it into being, was patterned after the German cartel system. The basic tenets of this system set forth a proposition that has long since been disproven. It attempts to govern industry through trade agreements and price fixing. The result is a monstrosity of competitionless competition.

The Administration at Washington sought to create prosperity by raising prices and limiting production. The result was a flurry of buying based on the fear of still higher prices. It defeated its own ends because it did nothing to increase actual purchasing power. Increases in wages were more than offset by upward-soaring prices. There was created an illusion of prosperity rather than the legitimate article. Fortunately, at the time when these deficiencies were becoming apparent, the Supreme Court made its momentous decision, and the whole fabric of involved codes and rules was thrown out as unconstitutional and undemocratic.

### II

**W**HAT IS strangest in the whole American search for means and methods of recovery

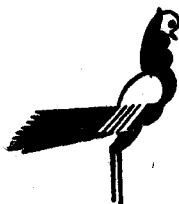
## THE FORUM

is that we have failed to study those nations with whom we have most in common, namely, such democracies as Great Britain, Finland, Denmark, and Sweden. These, we were willing to grant, were democratic countries, but we ignored their methods of recovery even while we openly agreed that they had done more than others to beat the depression. We were willing to admit that Sweden, for instance, had set up something very nearly approaching an economic democracy and had found that it worked. Sweden stood out as a shining example to a depression-sick world, yet we turned our backs upon her and made experiments with such undemocratic shifts as the fixing of prices, curtailment of production, and bureaucratic control of industry with little or no attention to the rights of the consumer.

FORUM readers are familiar with conditions in Sweden, for in this magazine has already appeared a fine summary of conditions in that happy land, with an outline of the consumers' co-operative movement which has made this modern miracle.

For, truly, looking back on the state of industry in Sweden following the War, the change that has been worked is nothing short of miraculous. Swedish industry was then absolutely controlled by the trusts. It is true that the Swedish wholesale co-operative had broken the margarine trust some years earlier, but most essential commodities were fixed in price by a system that was, in effect, the same that we tried to apply to American industry through the NIRA. The price of overshoes, for instance, was fixed by the overshoe trust at 8.50 kroner a pair. The price of lamp bulbs was anchored at 37 cents. There was a multitude of such trusts, covering the whole of the industrial setup.

The presence of such powerful combines in what was admittedly one of the most democratic nations in the world is something that the average American, who thinks of industrial control in terms of legislative action, can hardly comprehend. To such a person the setup becomes increasingly bewildering when he considers the startling fact there was not



and is not now a single anti-trust law on the Swedish statute books. Let me repeat that, for it is one of the most amazing facts in all the amazing history of that country. There

is not in all the laws of Sweden, a single legislative act attempting to place restriction on or control over industry.

To understand fully the implications of this it is necessary to understand something of the independence of the Swedes, their hard-headed understanding of democracy and their stiff-necked refusal to allow state intervention and control of industry. For they knew that, when the government steps into the picture, it is not only the industrialists and industry that are affected. There is pretty sure to be a certain amount of tampering with the rights of the consumer.

The average Swede believes that democracy is something more than a mere political catch phrase. He believes that in a democracy the government is the will of the people. He believes further that the will of the people is that the people shall be free, as free as it is possible for them to be without interfering with the individual's freedom. And, while some producers may form monopolies and exact unreasonable prices for basic commodities, they cannot successfully be controlled except through economic action by the people themselves.

It was not by any happy coincidence that consumers' co-operation was imported from Great Britain to Sweden. It was that the Swedes saw in this system the only method by which industry could be democratically controlled. Having seen this, the Swedes acted. They formed co-operative retail societies. As these societies multiplied, the co-operative wholesale came into being and grew in strength and importance. In 1919 it began its real war on the trusts and brought them one by one under control. The consumers, through voluntary organizations, acted to govern the industry that served them. And consumer control is the only logical and intelligent control, for the consumer is primarily interested in getting more of the things he needs — in increasing consumption, rather than in curtailing it through price fixing and the limiting of production.

Here we come squarely to the basic problem, and to the democratic method of dealing with it. Sweden, Finland, Denmark, and Great Britain are answering the question of who shall control industry and by what method they shall exercise that control. The answer, which

## THE NEW DEAL AHEAD

has been proven beyond argument, is the answer that America must sooner or later accept and put into operation.

### III

**T**HE SWEDISH system of industrial control, as opposed to the German cartel system, which, perhaps unconsciously, became the basis of the NIRA, is based on the statement that prosperity comes on a falling rather than on a rising price level. This is the exact opposite of the prevailing idea in American industry. But it becomes clear when we see that this argument has always been based on the profit motive as the end to be sought, rather than the real end, which is the increase of consumption. Profits come when the distributor buys and sells on a rising market. But in this fact is laid bare the basic falsity of the whole contention. Prices can rise just so far; then there is a total and complete collapse of buying power. Following the collapse comes the inevitable period of depression, of unemployment and misery, that lasts until rising prices once more give an illusion of prosperity. That illusion lasts only so long as the rise lasts, until prices have climbed again to the inevitable brink of the precipice.

The Swedish example proves that there is only one way to attain real prosperity. Through co-operative control of distribution there is an elimination of profits, a reduction of waste, and a consequent falling away of production costs. Greater volume of real purchasing follows. The consumer gets more for his dollar without any reduction of wages, his own purchasing power.

The whole idea is based on sound economic wisdom. Under the profit system, when the peak of rising prices is reached and buying power lags, immediate and drastic wage cuts and wholesale dismissals are made, thus intensifying the downward drop of purchasing. For, since the making of profits is the motivating consideration, all else is sacrificed. The rights of the consumer are ignored. Every principle of democracy, economy, and common sense is violated. Thus, because of the fallacious reasoning behind our economic system, the whole history of American industry is the story of wild booms and wilder collapses.

Consumers' co-operation in Sweden is supplying us with the answer to the problem.

Through co-operation the consumers take over the control of industry. By voluntary action they control distribution. With distribution controlled, the step toward control of production is easy. It has already been taken in Sweden, with the result that the Swedish consumer's dollar supports his own system, a system that operates to cut the waste of excessive and duplicated profits and all the waste of intermediate charges. This can be brought about only by the establishment of an economic democracy. Legislative control leads directly to Fascism, the corporate state.

There was enacted in England, not so long ago, a drama that was almost entirely overlooked by Americans, overlooked because Americans were for the most part totally ignorant of the issues involved. Oswald Mosley formed a British Fascist party. He was backed by almost unlimited funds. Behind him were some of the most powerful of the English industrialists. To the world at large it was all a rather flamboyant gesture. But in reality it was a determined and defiant move by the alarmed captains of the profit system.

Oswald Mosley left no one in doubt as to his intentions. He appealed to the votes of the country that has been called a nation of shopkeepers. He declared openly that if he came into power he would drastically curb the consumers' co-operatives. In that statement he tolled his own political death knell. For he was flinging his challenge into the faces of 7,000,000 co-operators, embracing half the families of England and Scotland.

One hears occasionally a voice raised to question what happened to Fascism in Great Britain. The answer is there for all to read. The movement, a reversal to economic feudalism, had run head-on into the solid wall of economic democracy built by the British co-operators. Co-operation was the barrier that Oswald Mosley could not hurdle. Here is something for every American to ponder.

### IV

**B**RITISH SOCIAL legislation is based on the Minimum Act. This sets up minimum wages, minimum leisure, minimum security. It does not pretend to usher in a millennium. Rather it plants a sound foundation upon which



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to build. It protects the consumer against industrial peonage, unregulated hours, child labor, all the abuses that mark the profit system. It looks toward better housing, old-age pensions, all matters that pertain to the social order of the nation. Through the consumers' co-operative movement, the consumers themselves, organized for the control of distribution and production, look after the strictly economic order.

So it is in Sweden. There, public utilities, all those services which are indispensable to the people, are controlled by the government which holds over these monopolies the threat of government ownership. But again, acting from an understanding of true democracy, when the government does undertake ownership, it does not monopolize but operates in direct competition with private ownership. Electric power, to quote but one instance, is distributed in some districts by both the state and private industry. But the state, legislative voice of the people, keeps its hands off the purely economic affairs, leaving that to the action of intelligent and organized consumers.

Tied up with consumer control of industry and government control of utilities is a strong and healthy labor movement. The Swedish trade unions are both strengthened and regulated by the organized consumers. Economies in distribution and production are brought about without lowering wages or lengthening hours. Labor and consumer have the same goal in view, an economy in which the consumer shall have more and more of those things which make life fuller and easier.

We have been afraid of Fascism. In the depths of our souls we have quaked at the Fascist utterances that have come to our ears from blaring radios. Yet we have before us the English proof of how futile such a gesture can be in the face of intelligent democracy. We quake only because we know so little about economic democracy. In Sweden or Denmark such utterances from such demagogues would

evoke no more than an amused incredulity.

But we are waking up. In America the voice of the consumer is becoming audible. Above the babel of confused and inarticulate wailings, the voice of consumers' co-operation is being heard. The movement is sweeping the Middle West like a prairie fire. From the deep Southwest up through the Mississippi Valley into the Northwest and the Coastal States, the idea of co-operation is taking the tangible form of co-operative societies. And the growth of some of these groups has been little short of phenomenal.

In most of these States the basic weakness of the NIRA was recognized long before the breeze of the Supreme Court decision finally swept it from the scene. In those hard-hit States, farmers and townspeople alike were driven by circumstances to look about them for a system by which they could help themselves. They are finding it in consumers' co-operation.

In California, Upton Sinclair appealed to the voters for a mandate to set up, by legislation, a new economic system. Following the collapse of that movement there has been in California a definite turn toward co-operative action. The inescapable fact that true progress can come only through intelligent, democratic action hit with redoubled force following the collapse of idealistic and impractical theories. The people themselves began to realize that they must find their own way out of the economic wilderness.

Because of all this, the Supreme Court decision should come as a ringing challenge to American consumers. It should have the same effect upon the nation that the bursting of the EPIC bubble has had upon California. We have a democracy, built upon the theory that man is capable of governing himself. It is up to the consumers of the country to substantiate the soundness of that theory. The New Deal finished? The real and authentic new deal is only now getting under way!



# The Return of Lao Yeh



Drawings by Willard Bonte

by **JAMES W. BENNETT**

**T**HE ORIGINAL idea was sired by romance and dammed by sentimentality. Our New York friends said to us: "How perfectly charming!" — then went away and told other friends that we had gone completely cockeyed; about to do the *weirdest* thing. We planned to take Lao Yeh, our little Peking dog, back to the land of his ancestors, for there had always seemed to us something ignoble in the fact that he had been born in Stratford, Connecticut.

His full name is Ta Lao Yeh, the classical Chinese term for Honorable Sir, the Master of the House, the literal translation being Great Old Ear. It connotes extreme respect, age being venerated in China and large ears a certain sign of wisdom.

But Lao Yeh often ignores his name. The call to which he infallibly responds, springing up alert and eager, is the word "tiffin." It is his generic term for food in any form. Strangers, noting his reaction to those two magic syllables, have not unreasonably inferred that his name is Tiffin but Lao Yeh resents any loose bandying about of his favorite word.

We knew, even before we started, that Lao Yeh was not a traveling dog. But, the idea of taking him back to Peiping having lodged

like a burr in our minds, we began toying with steamship literature — always a dangerous thing to do. There were several sound business reasons for making the trip, but they seemed to be obscured by the more interesting issue. One day, almost before we realized we had made a decision, we found ourselves in the possession of round-the-world tickets — including a dog ticket for Lao Yeh at an outlay of sixty dollars.

No sooner were these arrangements made than we filed a formal request that Lao Yeh be allowed to remain in our cabin during the voyage. This, it appeared, simply wasn't done. On the Atlantic runs, perhaps. But never on the Pacific. The dog would have to live in the ship's kennel, with the ship's butcher. I remarked that mine was a house dog, that he would not like a kennel and I was very certain he would not like the ship's butcher. This argument seemed to have surprisingly little potency. The agent told me that a woman had recently offered to take a suite de luxe, provided she might keep her Peke with her. The Company had turned her down cold.

That should have brought matters to a dead end. I was engaging no de luxe suite and I had already paid for my ticket. Nevertheless, I

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persisted. The agent began to have a hunted look in his eye. He took to disappearing whenever he saw me come in.

Finally, in desperation, I hit upon blackmail. Only dog lovers will appreciate the lengths to which one of their kind will go when the life of a pet is endangered. And there seemed to be no question about the risk; in a brief time I collected an alarming amount of data. The ships' butchers, it seemed, couldn't say no; consequently the dogs perished in a state of overstuffed ecstasy. The location of the kennels was an added hazard, as they were on the open deck, exposed to the smashing tropic sun of Panama or the cold gales off the Japanese coast.

Having decided upon a course of crime, I surprised the agent before he could duck. I said bluntly:

"See here, are you chaps interested in publicity for your line? Or *are* you interested?"

He replied cautiously that his company always liked legitimate, favorable publicity. And, since I was a writer for certain newspapers and magazines, he hoped that I would see my way clear. . . .

"Precisely!" I interrupted. "Do you wish me to send back from the Orient tons and tons of laudatory references? Or do you want me to dip my pen in vitriol every time I sit down at the typewriter?" (My metaphor was mixed, but I was too excited to notice it.) "And if you fail to grant me this one small favor — which doesn't cost you a single red cent — *and* my dog should die, I shall harry you. I shall send back stories about your chief engineers dancing the carioca and your skippers lying about drugged with opium!"

"But — but — " he suddenly spluttered, "our skippers are Americans; they don't smoke opium!"

"Who said they did?" I answered, giving him a fearful leer.

He backed away from me, as though I were a gunman about to put the Finger on him. And he said jerkily:

"Very well, I'll send a wire to the Home Office, requesting this favor."

"Good. But suppose you let me write that wire."

By this time he was plainly dazed. Meekly he thrust a pencil and pad of paper before me. I composed a telegram which for pure Italian

cunning still leaves me shaken by the depth of my own muddled subconscious, so filled was it with dredged-up innuendoes.

Twenty-four hours later, to the agent's surprise but not to mine, the Home Office sent back an alarmed wire granting the permission. My first and only foray into blackmail had succeeded.

The agent delivered one last ultimatum: "This wire won't help you if your dog raises a row. Then the captain of the ship may have to ignore the order from the Home Office."

"Mine is a quiet dog," I said with impressive dignity.

### THE PEKE PROVES A HOME BODY

**A** QUIET dog!

Storm signals began to fly, from the moment we commenced to dismantle our apartment. No one can say that Lao Yeh didn't give us adequate warning. He became puzzled, then morose, and finally profoundly incensed. His magnificent plume of a tail lost its graceful arch over his back and trailed dejectedly on the floor. His grotesque little mouth drooped to a v-shaped pout, and he kept it pressed to the ground.

Then he decided that, passive resistance having proved valueless, he would essay an active role. He began nipping at us. We used up two small bottles of iodine and ordered a larger one. His protests became vocal, not to say vociferous. The German manager of the building called upon us. "The odder tenants," he stated, "are kigkink." We answered that we too were kicking but that we had tried — without success — to abate the sounds.

This noisy phase passed, to be followed by one less-spectacular but even more trying. Lao Yeh went into mourning. Huge, authentic tears rolled from his eyes and down the ridged furrows of his muzzle. Then he took to regurgitating his food under the bed, and we became thoroughly alarmed at his increasing gauntness.

At the very end of his New York existence, when the furnishings were being carted from the apartment, he planted himself on a last rug, his ultimate link with his home, and refused to stir. For five minutes he cowed three husky Negro moving men. Their leader said:

"Lissen, heah, Boss, take you' dog offen that rug. *Please.*"

"You take him," I answered. "Surely you

## THE RETURN OF LAO YEH

aren't afraid of such a little scrap of an animal."

"Well, I ain't whut you'd call askeerd of him but I jus' don' sorta like the idee of his bitin' a hole in mah laig."

We compromised the matter by my suddenly lifting Lao Yeh by the scruff of his neck, while the moving men jerked the rug from under him. Casualties: one chewed finger, one torn coat (both mine).

Realizing, on the last day, that I was confronted by a problem of major proportions, I went to my druggist at the corner and asked for something in the nature of a sedative for Lao Yeh. The druggist had a sensitive soul, and he was averse to prescribing for a dog. He said pettishly that he hadn't the foggiest idea what dosage to give but he imagined it should be considerably less than that administered to a human being. He was at last persuaded to recommend luminol. I was to give my dog one tablet but I must not be surprised if Lao Yeh keeled over and slept heavily. I promised that I wouldn't be surprised but that I would be exceptionally grateful.

We collected our luggage on the curb before two taxis, finding that one would not hold all our impedimenta. I rashly agreed to chaperon Lao Yeh in my cab, the Missy and most of the hand luggage to be stowed in the other. At this point, a scene of dreadful, virtually indescribable confusion took place. As each piece of baggage was popped into a cab, Lao Yeh tried to get in with it. He had reached the terrified conclusion that he was going to be left behind, cut adrift on a cruel world. A crowd collected. Much gratuitous advice was offered. A policeman appeared. For a dismal moment I thought I might be arrested for disturbing the peace and blocking traffic. Instead, the patrolman stationed himself at a safe distance and added to the welter of admonition, speaking in a rich Irish brogue. The manager of our building also proffered suggestions and, at the last, so far forgot himself as to say in heartfelt tones that he was "certainly glat" to see me go.

My taximan put in his gears with a jerk, and we were off. He sat hunched well forward in his seat, for Lao Yeh was making wild leaps at him, earnestly endeavoring to nip his ear.

I got out the vial of luminol and took a dose myself. Then I offered a pellet to Lao Yeh. Tempted by an insatiable curiosity, he swal-

lowed it. (That same questing spirit has caused him at various times to sample tacks, pins, bits of broken ivory, and buttons, which luckily he has succeeded in digesting.)

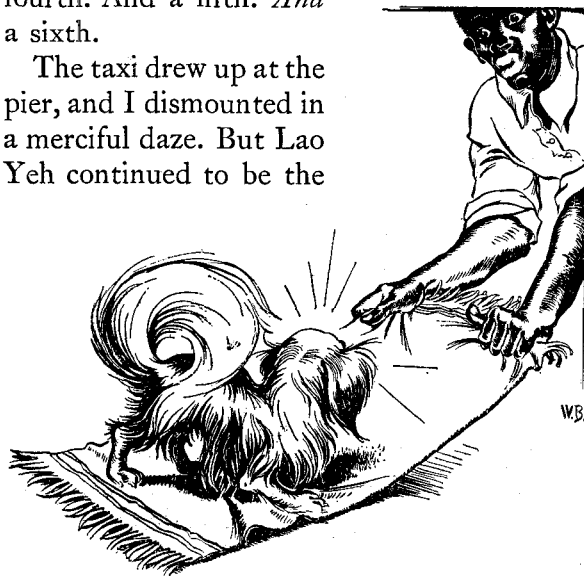
Lao Yeh by this time was scrambling over me in an endeavor to lean out the cab window and yelp his defiance to a world gone mad. Occupants of passing automobiles added to the hell and hilarity by snapping their fingers at him. Several truck drivers mimicked him. *That* set him off into perfect spasms of rage. His body vibrated like a tuning fork. My ears became deafened by the uproar. But I told myself hopefully that soon the luminol would be taking effect. We crossed the Park, cruised noisily down Riverside Drive, mounted the Motor Express Highway, with Lao Yeh's rage expanding in higher and higher emotional waves. I swallowed another luminol tablet and, after some inward debate, gave Lao Yeh a second. Still no effect on him.

My driver turned and said in an agonized voice: "Say, Mister, can't you *stop* the pooch? I ain't sure I can drive proppily!"

I told him that nothing short of an act of God would stop the pooch.

Goaded by this criticism, I gave the Master and Lao Yeh each a third pellet. By now I was beginning to feel a trifle *dégagé*; my coiled nerves were certainly relaxing. I permitted Lao Yeh to chew on my glove. It was painful, but I had become less aware of the pain. I said conversationally to Lao Yeh: "Le's have 'nother lum'nol." So we had a fourth. And a fifth. *And* a sixth.

The taxi drew up at the pier, and I dismounted in a merciful daze. But Lao Yeh continued to be the



"Listen heah, Boss, take you' dog offen that rug. Please."

*uber-bundt*, the Nietzschean superdog, as impervious to the sedative as if he had never swallowed a single tablet.

## LAO YEH MASTERS MASTER AND VESSEL

THE STRANGE sea smells, the crowd, the clank of winches, the clattering of the motor-driven pier carts darting like giant bugs, all combined to increase Lao Yeh's hysterical fear to an appalling frenzy. His eyes — in repose very large and liquid and beautiful — popped from his skull until he looked like nothing so much as an infuriated loggerhead turtle. He took flying leaps at perfectly innocuous bystanders. Officers peered down at us from the bridge; stewards rushed up to us; a dozen voices shouted advice. Taking a double wrap on his leash, I hauled Lao Yeh off to our cabin. The crowd hastily parted to let us pass.

That night he continued to express his disgust, his rage. My bed was too narrow for him, and the roll of the ship dumped him at intervals on the floor, causing him to squall like a Chinese virago. I had provided a box of soda crackers, of which Lao Yeh is passionately fond, thinking to make the box last the major portion of the voyage. It barely lasted the night. The only respite we or our neighbors got was when Lao Yeh was eating one.

Dawn at last lighted our portholes, and I welcomed it. I took Lao Yeh out to the steerage deck aft, where he promptly picked up a huge piece of bacon rind and the backbone of a large fish thrown out of the steerage galley. I managed to get the fishbone away from him, but the bacon he downed — using sword swallower's tactics. He seemed a little less inclined to attack the entire world single-handed but he continued morose.

I brought him back to the cabin, popped him inside, and locked the door. For a wonder, he made no outcry. Up the corridor I tiptoed, then into the dining room to soothe the tortured ganglions with a pot of coffee. But I wasn't to be permitted any respite. The Second Steward appeared at my elbow and said crisply:

"Sorry, sir, but I've received eight complaints from passengers about your dog. The ship's rules are that no dogs may be left in the cabins. They must go to the kennel."

"I'll have a word to say to the Captain about *that*!" I answered, assuming more of an air of bravado than I felt.

"Very good, sir," said the steward stonily. "I suggest that you speak to the Captain when he makes his inspection this morning, between ten and eleven."

On the promenade deck I found my steamer chair and dropped gratefully into it. Three minutes later, I was sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. . . . Eventually my slumber was disturbed by dreams — in which Lao Yeh seemed to be barking with maddening persistence. Unwillingly I pushed my way back to consciousness, to discover that Lao Yeh *was* barking and with maddening persistence. Even up on deck I could hear him. Shakily I lifted myself from the chair and started down the stairs to our cabin. Near the end of the corridor I saw a knot of gold-braided officers clustered about an open stateroom door — mine. I heard a voice, which I identified as the Captain's, say:

"But how *can* I inspect this blasted cabin? He won't let me go in! Take him out. One of you get on his port side, and the other give a bit of a rush at the starboard."

This was a command, but none of the Skipper's subordinates moved. As for the Captain, he was definitely retreating. (As the mate of a vessel in the old sailing-ship days, he had, single-handed, quelled an ugly mutiny. But he wasn't as young now; and Lao Yeh, properly aroused, could give a passable imitation of two mutinies.)

It was not quite the meeting with the Captain I had planned, beginning with an offhand mention of my quiet little dog, to be followed by a humorously apologetic request that Lao Yeh be permitted to remain *in situ*. However, I had to bite the bullet. I stepped forward.

If I have ever seen an angry man, that person was the Captain. I became aware of eyes cold as glacial ice and a face that had grown alarmingly red. My words stuck in my throat. I jerked from my pocket a precious paper, a copy of the telegram sent by the Home Office to New York "IN RE BENNETT PEKINGESE." The agent had promised that a second copy would be handed to the Captain before sailing. But someone had blundered, for, as the Skipper read that memorandum, I could see that it was news to him, disturbing news.

"The Home Office," he said in a gritty voice, "has gone wobbly. However, who am I to go over their heads?" He repeated the ques-

## THE RETURN OF LAO YEH

tion savagely: "I ask you, who am I?"

"Do you mean," I quavered, "that I may keep my dog here in the cabin? For the rest of the voyage?"

"That's what the Home Office says." The Captain stared into the cabin where my little Manchu Horatius was noisily holding the Bridge. Then he gave me a quick, curious look. "But tell me: why in the blue-bloody blazes do you *want* to keep him here?"

### COMPARATIVE PEACE

AT THIS POINT I think I should say a word in defense of my dog. I have given him a reputation for sullenness, for ferocity, and for making a prime nuisance of himself. There is another side to Lao Yeh which he refuses to show the world (I am convinced that he is ashamed of it). When we have left him alone for several hours, on our return he dances about us on his hind legs, doing a neat ballet step and giving low, ecstatic whines. Then he throws himself at our feet and rests his ear on our insteps. These transports are brief, but they contain a high emotional content. And, if we fail to allow him to give us his greeting, he stalks with considerable dignity to a corner, turns his back, and, facing the wall, ignores us for at least an hour.

In his normal reactions — normal as opposed to the stresses of being transplanted to a new environment — he displays a consistent reasoning power and a definite integrity of character. I should rate his IQ as fully that of a two-year-old child.

He is a fastidious little gentleman. After dining and particularly after a set-to with a bone, he carefully wipes his muzzle on the rug, then he thoroughly washes his paws and ears. When he wishes to engage in a session of play-play with me, he will stand on his hind legs and peremptorily tap with his paw the book I am reading. If I ignore him, the taps become more

imperative, and I have to hold the book tightly lest it go flying out of my hands. When he is pleased with us and with life, he will roll on his back, doing contortionist tricks with his spine, joining his front paws together like a praying mantis.

On board ship, he finally settled down to the

routine of seafaring life, with resignation. Occasionally one of our fellow passengers could traverse the corridor outside our cabin door without rousing in Lao Yeh thoughts of mayhem and manslaughter. So the voyage, begun so inauspiciously, progressed without undue alarms.

I must bear witness to the good disposition of the Skipper of our vessel. Thwarted though he had been in the matter of ship's routine by that Home Office telegram, he bore no ill will. Once

he gave me a fright by telling me he had had a kennel moved to the top deck and suggesting that it might be a good thing if my dog got a bit of fresh air and sunlight. Having a low, suspicious nature, I thought it was a trap and (none too politely) refused the bait — only to realize from the Captain's hurt look that he had made a genuinely thoughtful offer.

Consequently, as our ship neared Japan, where we intended to disembark, I took the Captain into my confidence. Various fellow passengers had been telling me of the strict laws in Dai Nippon concerning dogs. Dogs had been popped into quarantine for fantastic periods of time. Alarmed by these travelers' tales, I put the matter up to the Skipper one night after a rubber of bridge in his quarters.

"Hummmm," he said. "Japanese port regulations require me to send a wireless, the night before arriving, advising them that an animal is to be landed. But, if I do send a radio, a vet will come down to the ship — and he might quarantine your pup. Then you'd probably miss your little Tientsin ferry boat." (Thus



*Waiting for the veterinary*

he characterized a five-thousand-ton steamer which took four full days from Kobe to Tientsin). "If I *forget* to send that radio, you might walk off the ship with your dog — with no one giving a billy-be-damn. The Japs would probably be glad enough not to have the matter called to their attention. The last voyage, we had a crate of chickens about which I forgot — unintentionally forgot — to wireless. Yet the chickens were unloaded, and no one challenged their entry."

So, on the assumption that in Japanese eyes one dog equalled one crate of chickens, I decided to run the gauntlet. I was to add the profession of smuggler to that of blackmailer.

## BUNGLED SMUGGLING

AS THE SHIP warped into the dock at Kobe, we were met by an excessively polite young Nipponese from the Japan Tourist Bureau. He was detailed to act as our guide, our blood brother, and to induce in us such sentiments of gratitude that we would have been heartless wretches had we written a line about Japan which was not freighted with hysterical praise.

He grew solemn when we told him that we wanted his aid in getting our dog ashore. He said:

"Berry sorry, sir, but I think you cannot smurgle dog in. Berry strict now. I wirr try. But I greatly fear success wirr not meet my smarr efforts."

It was sheeting rain. A high wind lashed the waters of the harbor. A mortal chill cut at our marrow. In this Gothic atmosphere of impending tragedy and with his words ringing knell-like in our ears, we left the ship which had been our home from New York.

Silence and secrecy are the *sine qua non* of any smuggling operation, and we were probably the noisiest smuggling party in the history of that dubious profession. We were simply raucous. Lao Yeh alternately barked, whined, and growled. The guide raised his voice another notch and bellowed that Kobe was a butifur city. At the barrier, the entire customs staff — or so it seemed — came boiling out of the shed to see what sort of visitation was descending upon it. We were caught — red-handed!

A Japanese in gold braid and cap pointed to Lao Yeh and evidently demanded a paper. Of

course I had no paper, nothing resembling a paper. I handed him my passport and my calling card, both of which he rejected somewhat pettishly. He pointed again to my dog.

"Yes," I said. "Quite. Oh, absolutely."

Our guide went into action. He talked to the customs officer, talked long and earnestly. We were requested to leave the motor car and sit down on a drafty bench, partially exposed to the driving rain. Lao Yeh continued to try to wake the dead. He made no move to ingratiate himself with the officials of Dai Nippon. To the contrary, he voted them Public Enemies Numbers One, Two, Three, and Four and acted accordingly.

After half an hour our guide returned, to report that the customs were very sorry but they couldn't release our dog without a written order from the Port Veterinary.

I said warmly: "Bring on the Port Veterinary!"

This hadn't, apparently, occurred either to him or to the customs men. They went into another long, long executive session. I sat there, growing increasingly cold. At intervals I sneezed. The guide pattered back to me and said portentously that the customs had decided to telephone the Port Veterinary. I congratulated him on that splendid idea and added that they had better hurry — if they wanted to find me alive when the vet came. This the guide erroneously took to be a species of foreign humor, for he laughed, tch, tch, tch, and again disappeared.

The hands of the clock in the customs shed seemed to be glued, but actually they managed to tick off three quarters of an hour more, when the guide came tripping back with the delightful news that the Port Veterinary could not be located. However, he would keep on trying to get in touch with the vet. He bowed to me. I sneezed grimly, and he pattered away.

Again time stood still. I began to experience all the sensations of one freezing to death. Then the guide popped up again.

"Hoorah! Hoorah!" he said. "We have at last located the veterinary. He is across the harbor. He wirr take open raunch and come here. But it is berry rong way. One hour. You wirr wait?"

I waited.

We had arrived at the customs shed at two o'clock in the afternoon. At a quarter past five,

## THE RETURN OF LAO YEH

the vet came. He was the most bedraggled-looking object I have ever viewed. His trousers dripped water, his raincoat was soaked, his glasses were blurred, and his starched white detachable cuffs were soggy gray rings around his wrists. I braced myself apprehensively for the explosion that seemed inevitable from this unfortunate individual.

But the veterinary smiled and bowed most politely. I bowed back. That set him off into a series of bows, but I gave him bow for bow. My back began to feel queerly.

This display of mutual respect might well have continued all night, had not the Tourist Bureau chap intervened by putting a pen and a printed form in the veterinary's hand. Obediently he began to write, filling out one of those interminable and incomprehensible Japanese documents.

I expected to be deluged with questions about Lao Yeh, but none was asked. The veterinary turned the page. But, instead of continuing to write, he looked hard at Lao Yeh, a stern appraising stare which seemed intended to ascertain whether Lao Yeh was afflicted with rickets, rabies, or distemper. He spoke sharply to our guide who, in turn, glared at my dog.

Had they discovered something? Was Lao Yeh sickening with some dreadful Oriental complaint? Something which my Occidental eyes could not see? . . . Then the veterinary asked me a question. It was translated by our guide:

"Doctor want to know: is you' dog male or female?"

That ended the examination. We were given a second paper, a precious paper. It said, in very beautiful ideographs, that my dog, being in radiant health, could enter and leave Japan

— and no one should let, stay, or hinder his progress.

### RANK INGRATITUDE

IN PEACE, we boarded the train for Peiping. In comparative harmony we made the journey — since a Belgian diplomat had been kind enough to share a compartment with us. Lao Yeh arrived in Peiping, therefore, in proper state.

It was a crisp November night as we walked through the Water Gate to the hotel in the Legation Quarter. Lao Yeh bounded before me to the taut limit of his leash. He unquestionably sensed the journey's end, for his plumed tail, carried for days at half-mast, again arched proudly over his back and fell in a long golden spray just at the line of his deep, broad chest.

Above us, to the left, reared the great green-tiled tower of Chien Mên, lighted fantastically by a brilliant moon. In the distance, from the Chinese City just outside the huge Tartar Wall, came the mingled, eerie cries of a thousand street vendors. From somewhere nearer at hand rose the shrill, immemorial whine of mendicants, begging for coppers: "Lao Yeh, Ta Lao Yeh, give me money or I starve."

Lao Yeh halted abruptly, listened, gave me a bewildered look, as though to ask me why *his* name should be called by those distant voices. Then he shook himself and broke the spell by erupting into a succession of staccato barks, which might have been translated: "So, Master, you have brought me safely to the land of my ancestors. Thank you very much."

But it probably — it almost certainly — meant: "Well? Well? Why are you dawdling along? *I* want tiffin!" Then, a louder, more peremptory note: "I — want — *tif-fin* — *tif-fin* — *tif-fin*."



# A Ballad of a Cornhusking, Some Jugs of Cider, and a Fiddle



*Drawings by Donald McKay*

**by FRANCES FROST**

**T**hat afternoon a white cock stood  
in the slanting light on the tarnished wood  
of the broken wagon-wheel that leaned  
against the fence, and the withering beans  
drooped on their poles, and a velvet cow  
moved black beneath the maple-bough  
scarlet-splashed, and the blue hay-cart  
was lonely in the stubborn green  
of the second growth. That afternoon  
the eastward mountains flung a moon  
upward before the light was gone.  
Come time for the husking-bee to start,  
the sunburned boys and the golden girls  
and mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts,  
and old John Blossom with a patch on his pants  
and his brown-bright fiddle tucked under his  
arm,  
marched up the road to the long red barn  
and the go-down wind blew soft, blew warm.  
A whippoorwill cried outside the door,  
and the corn was strewn on the husking-floor,  
the lanterns hung from the silver beams,  
and old John Blossom split the seams  
of his rusty coat right down the middle  
in half an hour, and his crazy fiddle

put out the sound of the whippoorwill  
and chased the dusk-bird up the hill.

He fiddled east and he fiddled west,  
he fiddled the dew on the meadow's breast,

he fiddled the trees like windy fountains,  
he fiddled the moon on the maple mountains,

he fiddled south and he fiddled north,  
he fiddled for all that he was worth,

and his bronze-brown fiddle cried of death,  
and it sang of love and it sang of breath,

it sang of grass and it sang of thorn,  
it sang of the sun in the long-leafed corn.

Old John Blossom with his back bent double  
fiddled down the moon on the moon-pale stub-  
ble,

fiddled down the cattle-bells out of sandy hol-  
lows,  
fiddled down the river-gulls into river-willows.

**A**nd there was cider in tipped-up jugs,  
and there were crickets and flying bugs,

and a big moon blowing above the hill  
and the night-wind moving soft and still,

and the ears were pulled from the brittle  
sheaves,  
the corn was stripped from the clinging leaves,

and a red ear fell to the sturdy hands  
of Jasper Day, and he gave his lands

and the heart that stumbled in his side  
to a grey-eyed girl, to his future bride:

his bronze fists covered with tawny fuzz  
reached shyly for Mercy O'Hare that was,

and the fiddle's crying was wild and strong  
to see that kiss where it belonged.



**O**b, love it's sweet as a wood-thrush calling,  
and scared as a gold-eyed fox,  
and fierce as mountain-water falling  
over the thawing rocks:

Old John Blossom in his go-to-meeting shirt  
fiddled huckleberries out of stony pasture-dirt,

fiddled apple-cider out of slanting apple-trees,  
fiddled yellow honey out of yellow-furry bees,



fiddled rainy silver from a pewter-colored sky,  
fiddled out of autumn clouds the way the wild  
geese fly,

pulled arbutus out of snow beneath the first  
crow-wings,  
fiddled cherry-valley roads beneath a thousand  
Springs.

*Oh, maple-sap it runs in the snow  
and maple-syrup's tasty,  
but I drink my cider long and slow —  
Vermonters, they ain't basty.*

*Oh, maple-sap it's cool and sweet,  
it's sugar when it's hardened,  
but I take my whiskey stiff and neat  
and ask nobody's pardon.*

*Oh, give me the juice of an apple's heart —  
I always was a beller —  
I keep my cider till it's tart  
and drink it in the cellar.*

*Oh, lovely eyes and little feet  
have the shy girls of the valley,  
but I take my whiskey fierce and neat  
and stagger home to Sally!*

**T**he husking was done and the bee was over:  
they wandered homeward, lover and lover,

fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts,  
and old John Blossom with his patched-up  
pants

and his rusty coat split down the middle  
and his box of song, his bronze-brown fiddle,

old John Blossom with his lonely heart  
stood by the lonely blue hay-cart

and fiddled a final hell-bent tune  
to the moon-white hills and the high white  
moon.

*Ob, Maine it is a very fine state  
and so is green New Hampshire,  
but York State is a foreign state —  
deny me and be damned, sir!*

*Ob, York State liked our brooks and brakes  
and tried to own Vermont,  
but we chased them out with rattlesnakes  
and a ten-ton catamount!*

*Seeing as how a mighty lake  
pushed off the Adirondacks,  
New Hampshire figured she could take  
our boulders and our hardbacks.*

*But we crossed the eastern ridge and said:  
“We’ll be New Hampshire never —  
“we’ll stake our souls on the Vermont dead  
“west of Connecticut River!*

*“Ob, Connecticut River’s wide enough —  
“ (in the Spring it’s apt to be muddy) —  
“to keep you from hemlock hills and rough —  
“if it isn’t, the water’ll be ruddy!”*

*Ob, Maine it is a very fine state  
and so is green New Hampshire,  
but York State is a foreign state —  
deny me and be damned, sir!*

**O**ld John Blossom in his go-to-meeting shirt,  
stumbled down the road in the moonlit dirt,

and a black-velvet cow on the midnight hill  
clanged her bell, and the whippoorwill

sang to the silence out of the red  
maples, the white cock lifted his head

and feebly crowed, and the sky was deep,  
and John and the fiddle went to sleep.



# Abundance in the Ozarks

*Another Protest from the Humble*

*by* ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING

**F**OR SOME TIME we had been planning to look into this idea of the More Abundant Life that the papers have had so much to say about. Seemed like we'd been plumb backward about tackling it — but we had commenced to wonder why it didn't get round to Rabbit Ridge and 'lowed we'd better see about it at our next meeting.

No matter what the subject, the XYZ, or Rabbit Ridge Women's Club, is always on its toes to know about it. We have our daily paper and the magazine one of our members takes and the farm paper that another member always trades chickens for to the agent that comes round after subscriptions. If he ever gets to where he doesn't want chickens, she'll trade him goose feathers or something. She'll never be without that paper. And one of our members has a book, so, altogether, we get a right smart little bit of information about what is going on or what is about to go on.

As we've said before, the letters in our title don't mean anything, but, with all this letter using going on over the country, we still believe we bested the braintrusters when we beat the government to the last three letters of the alphabet and grabbed them for ourselves and we feel a heap more important, having the letters.

Nothing ever keeps us from meeting. Not even the weather man has ever had any luck trying to disband us. When our last bad drouth was at its worst, with the heat pressing in like a heavy shawl thrown over our heads and the hot winds like nothing so much as the draft from a burning brush pile, we had our meetings as regularly as usual or maybe a grain more so. At least we were a little more promptly on time, because we didn't stop to talk if we met somebody on the road. The hot dust was right encouraging to speed, and I always knew it if our

dumbest member was ahead of me. That little toe on Dumby's left foot that lays clean up on the one closest to it leaves a sure-proof sign that the only four-toe print of our membership has been that way.

But we didn't mind the hot dust on bare feet. What we kept thinking about was bare feet on ground not so warm. Small feet. For, no matter what the season, we always know winter is reaching out to nab us and that it will, very likely, find our children unshod. It generally does.

## SOME THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND

**T**HE DAY WE scheduled "The More Abundant Life," we weren't hardly through with our preliminaries when right away the discussion got started. Seemed like the thing everybody wanted to talk about was this here idea of pensions for the aged poor. It was one of the phases of the subject. A plumb big phase.

We 'lowed we were not trying to say that these pensions are or are not proper. Maybe they are and maybe they aren't. But if they happen — well, if they happen, it is Rabbit Ridge's belief that they ought to happen to all eligible men and women regardless of class, business, profession, or what not.

We said like as not the whole thing would be settled one way or the other before this article saw daylight but, settled or not settled, we wanted to have our say on the subject so as to let the big bugs in Washington know (senators and such) that Rabbit Ridge is watching them. We wanted to tell them just how plumb out of place some of their talk was. It sure riled a passel of people, and Rabbit Ridgers are not the kind to quile down and say nothing when riled. We'll sass back as long as we believe it to be our duty — and we 'lowed that this looked like our duty. A heap like it. It sure stumped us

## ABUNDANCE IN THE OZARKS

— their talk about leaving farmers and domestic servants out of the plan — and we want them to know it. It might help them to sorter watch their p's and q's some other time, and, if there is any one special duty that Rabbit Ridgers want to perform for the lawmakers of the country, it's to encourage them to watch their p's and q's. And they were plumb out of their place in this instance. Not one of us around here that doesn't know plenty of neglected aged persons, and we voted that if anybody in the world needs old-age pensions it is the broken-down old men and women of the scrub farms. We sure were riled.

As for domestic servants, some of us 'lowed maybe there was a difference in servants domestic and servants public, and, seeing that it was the publics that had the say-so about the bill, we voted that it would be nothing but fair to turn it the other way round for a spell and see what would happen if it were the domestics that had the say-so. We don't guarantee that the publics would be left out of it, but it does make a heap of difference sometimes as to whose toes it is that are stomped on.

Well, we said we wanted to be a mite lenient with them if we could, and some of the members 'lowed maybe these publics — senators and such — thought they had reasons. Maybe they had an idea that a domestic servant doesn't have anything to do and never wears out. A heap of people seem to have that notion.

And maybe they have the queer belief about farmers that other people sometimes get — like the big idea that farmers don't have to do anything but to count the stars and cross their fingers and make a wish — and dip up our necessities like we dip water from the spring branch, when the truth is we're like our razor-back hogs that run themselves ragged looking for acorns when they are scarce. We were plumb outed. And to think it had to hit us so smack between the eyes just when we were already half blind from looking for this More Abundant Living we'd been promised! Seemed like it surely had had time to be getting close,

maybe almost to the front gate, but all this talk, we said, was liable to scare it back into the woods.

And here's another right smart of a bother: The way the price of things we have to buy went sky-highing before the farmers could raise anything to eat or to sell was a plumb sight. It sure dumbfounded the small, drouth-stricken folks who had nothing left over — and three fourths of the farmers in the United States are small farmers, and a right smart of them are drouth-stricken. Seems to us here at

Rabbit Ridge that somebodysure hitched the cart before the horse. So far as the small farmers are concerned, it was all wrong.

"Girls," the oldest member of the Club said, "there ain't no need to git all het up. We caint see a inch before our noses, but

maybe it's about time for things to turn round and start back in the other direction. Maybe some good crop years will happen along. A heap of good things could happen — things that lawmakers caint have nothing to say about. Maybe we'll all git back to the old-fashioned idea of raising all we can make the land produce for us. I've lived a right smart spell and I've watched things as I went along and I ain't never yet seen a farmer git anyplace by what I understand as this here newfangled notion of underproduction that's a-goin' around. It never meant anything but hard times for him if he didn't produce."

Right here the oldest member cited some examples in our own vicinity, so we could see for ourselves. Farmers who had set in the shade at crop times were now on charity, while their neighbors, who had plowed and planted and raised all they could, still, in spite of the hard times, sorter had their heads a little mite above water. These people were young when she was young, and she'd watched them. She said she didn't know the ins and outs of what the government had on its mind but she 'lowed it would take a heap of braintrusters to change the laws of the farm.

The club voted its belief in what she said.

*After the publication of Mrs. Moyer-Wing's article, "A Protest from the Humble — Women of Rabbit Ridge," in the February FORUM and its republication in the Reader's Digest, both editor and author were the recipients of a flood of communications from readers. Some begged to know how they could give material aid to the Ozark women Mrs. Moyer-Wing wrote about; some wrote sympathetic comments on the article; some asked for more of the same human material. It is in response to the last that THE FORUM presents this additional note on the women of Rabbit Ridge. All requests for information will be referred to the author.*

## THE FORUM

We think here at Rabbit Ridge that the farmer and the country should be measured by the partner yardstick — and we don't see how the country as a whole can ever get back to prosperity by cutting down its partner's production.

### WE DO WHAT WE CAN, ANYWAY

**R**ABBIT RIDGERS don't claim to know a powerful lot about foreign markets, but here in our own part of the world we do a right smart of trading among ourselves. If one neighbor has a few apples to spare, some other neighbor will trade chickens for them, or something that the apple neighbor needs. One of the members said her man had just traded a handsaw to a neighbor for a stovepipe and both were better off than they were before they traded. These exchanges seem to us like a plumb reasonable arrangement, and if the country has been sort of slow about trading with other countries or buying of them or selling to them, like the papers say, it looks to us as if it would be right good sense to begin these things again — if the new plan now going on gives us anything to trade or sell.

While all this was soaking in, one of the members of the Club spoke of the dust storms some of the states had been pestered with, and we all voted that we could be thankful that the rocks of our Ozark hills hold our soil down so tight that it can't blow away and that this is another big reason for being right proud of where we live.

Another member had just got back from a trip sixty miles away, where she visited her mother, who was ill in another county. Her son, thirteen, went with her for company. They made right good time, she said — out only two nights each way. They slept beside the road, with a fire to keep away the varmints and snakes, and, while the walk was sorter hard on

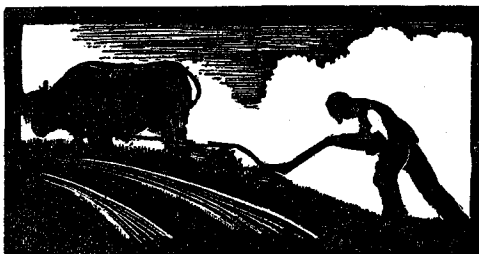
a person's back, still she was powerful glad she could get so easily and quickly to her mother when she needed her. But what she wanted to tell us was about the funeral of a child she attended at her mother's request while on this visit.

The cabin, she said, was crowded with neighbors who had come to comfort the parents. The minister was there. . . . They sang a song and, when the neighbors had taken a last look at the little ten-year-old boy they had known all his life, they took the new suit of clothes off the small body so his brother, a year younger — and still alive — could get his turn at wearing them.

We turned our backs to wipe our eyes on our petticoats and, when we could talk again, this member, who had helped the neighbors with the little boy in his homemade casket, said she wondered why more of this Abundant Living didn't get around to homes like that. She said it minded her of the way Santa Claus stubs his toe before he gets to the homes that need him most. But she said maybe we'd hoped too much and that maybe this Abundance thing wasn't got up for the small people of the country like us.

We were quiet again, and presently one of the members said, "Girls, just who among ourselves could afford to bury a garment that somebody still alive could wear? Just who? The truth is, we're all like the family we've just heard about."

And Dumby, who had been looking out at the window a spell without saying anything, 'lowed that there was one thing she could say for small people like us here at Rabbit Ridge: "If we was to stub our toes," she said, "if we really was to, we'd jist wrop a rag around 'em and go on to where we was goin' — that is, we'd wrop 'em up and go on if we'd started some place we sure 'nough wanted to git to."



# Life Takes a Holiday

*A Study of War and Disease*

by **FRANK C. HANIGHEN**

**S**TATISTICIANS are now on the side of the angels. Statistics, that dry and unemotional science, with its weapons of graphs and tables, has come to the aid of all good men who are pacifists and moralists. It has proved what hitherto it disproved: that war is permanently wasteful and ruinous.

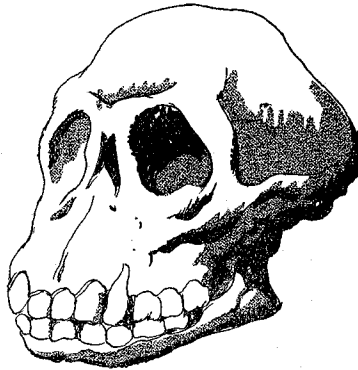
This is a proposition which we would all like to believe. But up to now we have been inclined to take a rather pragmatic view of war. Wars, even very bloody wars, have often brought the winner at least some material advantages. Japan's war in Manchuria has given her a splendid market for her goods. The terrible World War cost France many lives, but, after it was over, the Treaty of Versailles helped her business. In the United States, our industry was stimulated by the War and we emerged prosperous from it.

Besides, war has been considered a wound easily healed. Reading the casualty lists, we should have been more depressed than we were, had we not known, from a wealth of statistical data, that marriage and maternity would soon replace the dead. Also, it seemed inevitable that science, energized by the collective effort of war, would discover new methods of prolonging life and preventing disease. Science and nature would assist a revived economy in post-war reconstruction. War, on this basis, was not an unmixed curse.

But statisticians now completely destroy these ideas. They show, first of all, that war is far more destructive of human life than was formerly believed and, further, that those casualty lists form but one division of a far more deadly total. Next, they take issue with Napoleon, who said, contemplating his battle

losses, "One night in Paris will fix all this up." Marriages and births in the future, say the statisticians, can never fix up the tremendous losses. Finally, they marshal enough evidence to conclude that trade, business, and our material progress are retarded, if not destroyed, by war.

Let's look at the statistical record.



## II

**T**O BEGIN WITH, the figure of 10,000,000 men killed in the World War is an underestimation.

Since this generally accepted figure has been compiled, statisticians have decided that the World War did not end with November 11, 1918. They assert that the Russian Revolution and the Greco-Turkish War were in reality prolongations of it. The Greco-Turkish War was bloody enough but not half so much so as the Russian Revolution. The civil war and the Revolution in Russia, accounting for the deaths of millions of men, led in turn to the wars of the interventionists, of Wrangel, Kolchak, Denikin, et al., and to that short but snappy conflict, the Russo-Polish War, which was ended in 1920 by French generalship and Polish valor.

Accordingly, mark up 3,500,000 on the above sum, to make a total of 13,500,000 men killed in battle during the Greater World War.

With war comes disease. The Crimean War and the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 brought cholera. Smallpox attended the Franco-Prussian War, killing 270,000 people. The last war was no exception. There were typhus and influenza. Both of these epidemics stemmed from lowered living conditions and the diminished resistance of both civilians and soldiers. Cas-

## THE FORUM

ualties resulting from the flu were just as much a part of war casualties as those incurred on the battle front.

The Allied censorship prevented this fact from being generally recognized. Publication of news concerning the progress of the disease in the warring countries was forbidden. Only after the flu invaded some of the neutral countries did the news leak out, and, inasmuch as Spain suffered particularly heavy losses, the name of "Spanish influenza" was adopted, although actually the disease did not arise in Spain.

In the United States, then a belligerent country, the flu accounted for over 600,000 deaths. Somewhat less reliable figures indicate that Mexico (then engaged in civil war) lost 400,000; that Brazil and other countries in this hemisphere suffered somewhat more. America's deaths from the flu, then, can be placed at 1,500,000.

Europe's amounted to 2,500,000, and Africa, where Egypt was severely afflicted, 1,000,000. The figures for Asia are almost incredible. The British Ministry of Health recorded the fact that over 8,000,000 perished from the flu in India alone. Japan lost 250,000, Persia 200,000, and the Philippines 85,000. We may take it that 10,000,000 died from the flu in Asia.

Thus this table:

|              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| Asia.....    | 10,000,000 |
| America..... | 1,500,000  |
| Europe.....  | 2,500,000  |
| Africa.....  | 1,000,000  |
| Total.....   | 15,000,000 |

Another plague took a large toll. Before the War, the tuberculosis death rate had fallen to a comparatively low figure. When the War started, it rose and after 1917, when the United States entered and the Allied blockade and submarine warfare became stiffer, it reached extraordinary levels, due to the undernourishment of civilians.

Thus we find that, in 1918, deaths from this disease were 10 per cent higher in France, 25 per cent higher in England, and 44 per cent higher in Italy. But the worst mortality was in Central Europe, the area most affected by food

limitations. Deaths in Czechoslovakia were 34 per cent higher than in the year before the War, in Germany 61 per cent, and in Austria 67 per cent. The total number of deaths from tuberculosis during the War in Germany was 160,000 more than in 1913, and 140,000 of these victims were civilians.

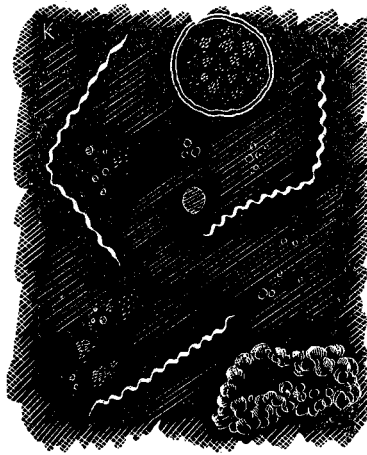
As tuberculosis killed more, so did all other diseases. This was true among all the belligerent countries, but the records of Italy are the fullest and most illuminating on this point.

Deaths in this country resulting from apoplexy jumped from a pre-War annual figure of 35,000 to 44,000; anemia, from 10,000 to 15,000; intestinal maladies, from 60,000 to 93,000; pneumonia and bronchopneumonia, from 71,000 to 178,000; typhoid, from 7,000 to 11,000; senility, from 46,000 to 66,000. And so on.

Nor was this all of the civilian loss. This wave of mortality did not stop at the borders of the warring nations. Professor Hersch of the University of Geneva has made a special study of the effects of the War on the neutral nations, and his figures prove that these countries, subject to much the same hygienic conditions as their belligerent neighbors, also provided many victims. Spain, as we have seen, suffered from the flu; the number of deaths in Spain from this disease alone was 160,000; from all other causes the excess over pre-War figures totaled 370,000. In Sweden the death rate reached the maximum for a century. Holland, Switzerland, and the other Scandinavian countries showed similar figures. Professor Hersch estimates the surplus of deaths in neutral countries during the World War at over 500,000.

Adding all these totals among warring and neutral countries, we find that the amazing number of 28,000,000 civilians died in the War. This number plus the 13,500,000 soldiers gives us a grand total of over 41,000,000 persons who died directly or indirectly as a result of the War, throughout the world.

This is a staggering figure. It is about equal to the entire population of France, to the combined total of a dozen smaller European nations and to almost one third of the population of the United States. The statisticians can in-



## LIFE TAKES A HOLIDAY

deed prove that war kills in stupendous quantities. But, until recently, the same gentlemen could offer great consolation. War kills, they used to say, but peace repairs.

### III

**T**HIS WAS certainly true during the nineteenth century. The figures on population following the wars of the last 100 years were indeed enheartening. Death rates dropped sharply. The strain of war removed, civilians breathed easier and lived longer. The circumstances which prevented them from marrying during the war relaxed. To the normal number of marriages were added those unions which had been postponed because the men were at the front. As for babies, these new marriages and the reunions of those already married produced a sharp rise in the birth rate.

Figures on France and Germany during and after the Franco-Prussian War illustrate this vividly. Deaths, which were 35.1 per 1,000 inhabitants in France (the invaded and hence the heaviest sufferer) in 1871, dropped to 22 in the following year. In Germany, who did not suffer much, the rate stood still in 1871 but dropped thereafter to 26 per 1,000. Births in France rose from 22.9 to 26.7 and in Germany from a low of 34.5 to a high of 40.9. Newlyweds in France increased from 12.1 per 1,000 to 19.5 and in Germany from 15.4 to 20.6. Normalcy had indeed returned, and the restorative powers of peace were at work.

There was another force extremely active. Science, with its discovery of anesthetics, antisepsis, and the germ theory, had been working busily at the death rate. Indeed, so fruitful were its labors that the population of Europe doubled in a century, from 200,000,000 in 1800 to 400,000,000 in 1900. When one realizes that this would have been even greater, had all the emigrants who

left Europe for America stayed at home, it is evident that science had repopulated Europe, had indeed triumphed over war.

The picture was still reassuring just before the World War. Birth rates, true, had dropped somewhat, but science continued to press down on the death rate. Smallpox vaccination was by this time compulsory in most places. Typhoid inoculation came along and helped. Diphtheria serum was available; maternity was safeguarded so that more infants lived; and when a person had appendicitis he was in most cases destined to survive, thanks to surgery and anesthetics, whereas 50 years before he would surely have died. It seemed that science could perform any wonder, including the repair of the ravages of war.

Then came the World War and, more pertinently, the post-War period which was the test of science and the restorative powers of peace.

At first it looked as though the old healing cycle was still operative. In the years immediately after 1918, vital statistics behaved much as they had in the wake of previous wars. That curious phenomenon which follows all

wars, an increase in male births in excess of female, was noticeable—as if nature were righting the wrong done to so many young male bodies. Male births in Germany jumped from a War low of 1,055 (per 1,000 female births) to a high of 1,188, in 1920. Other countries had the same trend.

But presently the picture changed for the worse. This proportion of male births had returned to normal by 1926. Furthermore, a little arithmetic showed that these excess male children amounted to only

about one to 3 per cent of those men who had been killed in the War. The result of this has been, of course, that females predominate in one generation. Nature, in truth, has not been able to abhor this vacuum.



## THE FORUM

Those who hopefully scanned the statistics met further disappointments. Births, both male and female, increased after the War for only a few years. Then the rate continued to descend, as before. In some countries it showed a slight increase; in others, notably France, it was stationary; in most, it showed a definite drop.

But there was a possibility of offsetting these disappointing figures. Science, it was felt, would, as usual, provide the remedy; the death rate, at least, would be responsive to the efforts of the men in white.

Here came the crowning disillusionment. Science could not come to the rescue. Science, after working well for a century on epidemics and the major infectious diseases, now took a holiday — so far as the death rate was concerned. It had much more stubborn enemies than typhoid or smallpox; it now confronted cancer and a dozen other organic diseases, the chief factors in the death rate. Faced with these, science found that all its important weapons against the death rate had been put to use and that no important new ones were forthcoming.

The figures which painted this picture were indeed very gloomy.

Births in England, for example, dropped from 28 per 1,000, in the period 1901-05, to

16.3, in the year 1929. Deaths, on the other hand, dropped only from 16.1 to 13.4, in the same years.

The United States had the same downward curve. Our census estimates in 1934 placed our population at 126,144,000, a gain of roughly 3,300,000 since 1930. In the same period following the 1920 census, we gained over twice that much, or 6,876,000. Louis I. Dublin, the American statistical expert, predicts that our population in a few decades will become stationary at a figure somewhere between 135,000,000 and 145,000,000, with a chance that thereafter the population figures will show an actual decline. Other experts say that the sterile period will come somewhat later. Believe the best or the worst: the prospect is very discouraging.

### IV

**T**HIS is the situation, then, in the United States and Europe. In the near future, there will be a stationary, possibly a declining, population.

Right here the economic problem rises. Less consumers, less business. The statisticians, having proved how deadly war is to population, now undertake to prove that war kills business just as surely as it kills human beings.



## LIFE TAKES A HOLIDAY

Naturally this is not so easy to prove as the other propositions. The many factors which have contributed to our present business depression are complex, and their relative forces are difficult to estimate. But at least the following fact is certain and most significant. In the two largest industrial countries of Europe — England and Germany — the industrial productivity is less today than in 1913, the year before the War, when the greatest decline in population began. This is a sign that cannot be disregarded.

It does not, of course, prove the economic part of the case by itself. But a survey recently conducted by two American statisticians, Warren S. Thompson and P. K. Whelpton, virtually does. Their studies were designed to show that the alarming drop in population would eventually affect business adversely. But the obvious inference is that it has already begun to work that way.

Messrs. Thompson and Whelpton point out that a decline in population inevitably affects the building business. Fewer people, fewer houses; fewer children, fewer schools. Real-estate values also drop. And agriculture, already overgeared to feed our population, will have to limit its acreage further. As the years go on, we shall have a larger proportion of older people, and this change in the make-up of our population will have repercussions on our habits, our wants, and hence the industry which provides for them. The young, progressive, and more acquisitive generations, being fewer in number, naturally will buy less. This is a picture clear enough to convince both the economist and the man in the street of the lethal effects of race suicide.

Here the statisticians rest their case, and it is an impressive one. They have demonstrated conclusively that war kills enormous numbers of people, both soldiers and civilians, belligerents and neutrals. Also that it kills, today, irrevocably, that Napoleon's cynical remark is no longer true: war is a sterilizing monster. It kills, too, in an economic way, for, with consumers diminishing, business suffers.

This is indeed a challenge to the statesmen



who seek to control the destinies of peoples. What has been their answer?

Some countries, notably England, France, and the United States, have ignored the population angle and have concentrated on repairing the economic breakdown. The New Deal in this country has particularly emphasized the importance of improving the buying power of consumers — even if they are declining in numbers. But in none of these countries have the results been encouraging. New Deals, whether conducted by Flandin, MacDonald, or Roosevelt, have apparently failed of their objectives.

The forthright dictatorships, on the other hand, have shown some disposition to deal with the population problem directly. Hitler's mass marriages and Mussolini's severe taxes on bachelors are spectacular indeed, but census figures do not indicate that they have been fruitful.

But the motive behind these extraordinary measures is very disturbing. Italy and Germany simply want more cannon fodder. Meanwhile they are increasing the cannon. In other words, they are preparing for more war.

More war — that is the tragic reply which European leaders give to the challenge of race suicide. It is written in all the cable dispatches. The world is arming at a terrific rate, and all experienced observers agree that war is inevitable within the next decade. Furthermore, it will be a new and possibly deadlier sort of war, with gas, airplanes, tanks, and other improved weapons of killing playing a larger part than in the last holiday. These are the dreadful, unmistakable omens.

V

ASSUMING THEN, that the world, heedless of the lessons of the last war, is on the verge of starting another, we may well ask if it will be as deadly as the last and how many people it will subtract from the already discouraging census sheets.

The next war will undoubtedly give the statisticians some macabre material to work on.

## THE FORUM

Dismissing the claims of sensational pacifists that cities like London and Paris will be entirely destroyed and likewise disregarding the claims of their opponents that the next war, because of better defensive equipment, will be less deadly, it is possible to take a middle ground. Which indeed affords us no very sunny prospect.

For there seems to be no adequate reason for supposing that combatant losses in the next conflict will be less. And there seems to be very good reason why noncombatant losses will be more.

Take the imminent aerochemical warfare, which military experts assert will be very important in the next war. Even if the bombing and gassing of cities should prove to be far less effective than its proponents assert — there is a bitter debate on this subject — the threat itself should cause many deaths. For the best defense against air raids on cities, it is agreed by reliable military specialists, is evacuation of a large proportion of these urban populations.

Evacuation, as it has been provisionally worked out by the Italians and French, aims to send all but the most necessary individuals in a city to concentration camps, tent cities, and small villages in the surrounding country. Moreover, according to this plan, many of those whose tasks require them to remain in the cities during the day will spend their nights in the country — chemical commuters, as it were.

From a sanitary point of view, the result of this policy is obvious. A shift of people from the cities, provided with pure water supplies and sewage disposal, to the relatively unhygienic country must result in disease. The psychological effects should also affect the morale of the people and hence their physical well-being. A disorganized civilian body in another war will be fair game.

There is also bacteriological warfare. This seems to be a more or less remote possibility. For it is evident that deliberate spreading of disease by contamination of water supplies or the propagation of bacilli in enemy territory would very likely prove to be a boomerang. Disease could quickly jump to no man's land and turn the tables on the user of this kind of warfare. This should and probably will prevent two contiguous nations from tinkering with germs.

However, when countries are separated by water there is less likelihood of damage to the user. Germany, for instance, might employ it against insular England. A Russian official recently, in the course of the Moscow conversations of Captain Eden, pointed this out. Furthermore, Wickham Steed, the English journalist, has produced some impressive although unauthenticated evidence that the Germans have been carrying on experiments along this line. Bacteriological warfare cannot be absolutely eliminated as a possibility.

But the greatest danger lies in the present condition of noncombatants. Years of unemployment and doles that barely supply the necessities of diet have resulted in widespread malnutrition. Resistance has been lowered, both physically and psychologically, and another war, with its inevitable restraints on food and its disorganization in the economic sphere, will provide a fertile field for disease. In the next war, the sanitary front may come to be the most important.

Thus another war will surely mean a tremendous drain on the sum of the world's inhabitants. Further, as we have seen, the cycle will continue again — for a few years an increase in births, then a gradual decrease, with fewer consumers brought into the world, and the consequent economic decline. Perhaps the worst decline so far.

A conclusion may be drawn from this disturbing forecast which confirms the fears of Oswald Spengler, Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant. With Europe and America on the downgrade, another continent will rise. Another war may kill millions in Asia, too, but Asia can easily afford them. The old law of "one night in Paris" will operate for a long time in populations innocent of birth control. Moreover, these multiplying masses of brown and yellow men will supply their own markets, are indeed supplying them now. Waterloo is at this moment being lost in the textile factories of Osaka. It seems inevitable that the West will take second place in world affairs.

After another war, we may expect to find the Stresas and Genevas on the banks of the Yangtze and in the shadow of Fuji, and the diplomats from Washington and Paris will be merely visiting firemen. There is, in truth, a yellow peril, but its best ally, quite clearly, is war.

# An American Victorian

by **ROBERT HILLYER**

**M**Y AUNT, Marion Couthouy Smith, was of a class and generation whose virtues have been so derided and whose weaknesses so exaggerated that I shall attempt an unbiased portrait of her. Her dominant quality was courage — frequently a misguided courage. Directed at prejudice or injudicious enthusiasm, it sometimes led her into absurdity; but it also held together a life which without it would have been merely the fragments scattered by disappointment.

She was a poet, often a fine poet, whose work was widely published and admired at the turn of the century; but, as her powers were reaching their peak, modes suddenly changed, and she lived to see her name dwindle to almost nothing. She was brought up in prosperity and died in "reduced circumstances." Her range of sympathy brought her friendships of the deepest kind, but the central love she could so richly bestow remained unasked for. It was, she said in a poem, "one of the unwanted treasures of the world."

The damming of this sluiceway dispersed her energies so that she was capable of tender understanding and freakish notions. When I was a young man newly returned from the War, I happened to remark that the Belgians were detested by the other Allies. "I will not stay in the same room with a pro-German," she exclaimed and walked out. At the end of her life, when she was too weak to move from her chair, I asked her if she was bored. "No, never," she said quietly. "I watch the elevated trains all day and think about the people riding in them. New trains come every few minutes." Of these two anecdotes, the first, I fancy, will seem the more characteristic to a modern reader, yet, without the first, the second could not possibly have been. They both sprang from a characteristically intense projection into the unknown lives that compose humanity.

## II

**T**HE ELDEST of three daughters, she was born in Philadelphia in 1853. Her father was a businessman; her mother, Maria Williams, was a frail and dreamy woman from Boston, whose natural piety found its outlet in the new ritualistic movement in the Episcopal Church. She passed on this enthusiasm to her daughter Marion, who for many years, when the High Church party was still unfashionable and ridiculed, fought its battles with all the ardor of her spirit. Gradually as time went on, her strict observance of detail relaxed somewhat, but always she would return again and again to the contemplation of mysteries which to her were no mysteries at all but clear lights piercing the nooks and crannies of uneventful days. And increasingly she had need for such lights.

She must have been gawky as a girl. She was very tall, yet at no period of her life was her weight more than a hundred pounds. Her walk was eccentric: she toed out at a prodigious angle, flinging her feet forward at each step as if to catch herself from immediate collapse. I remember from early childhood seeing Aunt Marion walk across one of the gratings above the subway. A swift draught sent her skirt and petticoats zooming upward, and there she stood, precariously swaying on two long spindles. It was my initiation into the mystery of the female limb. But her thinness was not the gauntness we associate with the New England old maid. We thought of it as a sort of elegant fragility.

In her presence one was most conscious of her face. It was strange, at times almost strangely beautiful. Her nose was paper-thin and enormously high-bridged, her mouth quick and timid; her hair was jet-black and remained so to her death. Her eyes, dark and lively, ruled her personality.

Our mother we defied or obeyed according to

## THE FORUM

her own mood; Aunt Ella we alternately bullied and babied; Aunt Marion was a Presence, and, although we could and did unlock our hearts to her (for sometimes she seemed best to understand them), nevertheless we looked to our rhetoric when we did so. "Hurry up!" I shouted to my sister. A calm voice drifted from Aunt Marion's room, where in the hot summer afternoon the Venetian blinds were drawn and one could hear the rustle of a palm-leaf fan. "I hope you always will," she said. "I should hate to think you were hurrying down."

Exactitude of phrase was a passion with her, yet she much preferred the German language to the French — until the War. Some time before the War, when I was away at school, I must have written the letter that called forth this response:

Just a word of sage advice while I think of it — apropos of your letter. I advise you not to be *anti*-anything, except what is wrong or useless, and not to have any strong national prejudices. They deprive us of the heritage of life which comes to us from all the races. Though I happen to prefer the German language and literature, as being more poetic and more emotional — as the French is more graceful and exact — still I greatly admire the French people. They are the artists, the adventurers, and primarily the scientists. But every nation has its faults and also "les qualités de ses défauts," and each has contributed something fine to the world. . . . This is just a suggestion.

Alas, a year or two later the coming of war forced Aunt Marion to a complete reshaping of lifelong loyalties. Up to that time she had delighted in singing German lieder, accompanying herself on the piano. She had a low voice that strained to thinness on the high notes, but we children enjoyed her music.

When the War came, everything German went by the board, and Aunt Marion ceased to sing. As an intolerant youngster, I found these tactics ridiculous if not outrageous but now I know that she went to extremes lest any fragment of the old pattern remain to corrupt or weaken the new one. It was a reshaping of

many of life's emphases. I begin to understand the wrench of such a turnabout when one is in one's sixties.

But she was of a generation which, contrary to post-Freud opinion, readjusted itself much more gracefully than ours. And I have always been glad that she never quite realized the uselessness of her sacrifice. The cynical outcome of the War found her in late old age, when no pattern, except a general interest in people who ride in elevated railways, needed any further sustaining. She was spared a last disappointment.

### III

**H**ER GENERATION, like all the generations of men, was disappointed, but its courage she shared to the full. She loved the excitement and clatter of the growing new world, the sparkle of great cities, the industrial developments which, however sordid they may now appear, seemed to her hopeful mind the creation of sheer genius. When her father moved the household to New York, she was entranced with the sounds and sights, the whistles of outgoing steamers, the skyscrapers (the World Building was the newest marvel). Most of all she loved the people, whom she saw as always

marching forward: the altruistic and thoroughly honest businessman, the happy laborer — America in the new dawn which Whitman sang, although, as she rightfully observed, he sang sentimentally.

But my grandfather's lungs were weak. He must live in the "country," and he chose a New Jersey suburb for his home. There Aunt Marion remained for forty years — long after her father's death and her mother's — impeded by one thing or another from regaining the lost Jerusalem. She went back and forth between the suburb and the city and consoled herself with viewing from the ferryboat the new towers piercing ever higher into the sky, glory on glory.

At last, when most of her friends in the suburb had died, when her nieces and nephews

### Tenement

*Down  
an alley  
there's a tree  
that grew  
before the  
houses grew,  
shutting off  
views of a  
woodland where  
liberty was,  
and light  
and air.*

*The tree  
belongs  
to the  
people still,  
from a  
rented  
window-sill.*

**Alfred Kreymborg**

## AN AMERICAN VICTORIAN

had grown up and scattered to their own devices and all the pet rabbits, Brer Rabbit, Sis Bun, Binnie, and the rest were mere memories, Aunt Marion and Aunt Ella packed up and moved to New York. "I hate relics!" she had always declared, so there was little clutter. A few letters from Theodore Roosevelt and his sister, a note from Cardinal Mercier, and one or two family archives were the only "relics" she bothered to take.

This was about 1920. Aunt Ella was sixty-two, Aunt Marion, sixty-seven. For twelve years they followed a ceaseless round of activities, and, to the not unfriendly inhabitants of Morningside Heights, the two "old-fashioned" ladies became familiar and cherished figures.

They knew when the drug clerk's baby was to be born and spent hours choosing their gift. They knew what marks their landlady's son was getting in college. The colored elevator boy, they discovered, was a young man of ambition and attainments, who sang in the African Church. And one Sunday evening they repaired to the African Church to hear his choir and returned full of excited admiration for the musical accomplishments of the boy in particular and the race in general.

True, they had their disillusionments. They forgave the young girl next door her flamboyant lipstick, because times had changed and she was a thoughtful girl, but when they discovered she entertained male guests overnight they became reticent in her regard.

And there was the Serbian sculptor whom Aunt Marion introduced to people who might help him. She was convinced of his genius — until she discovered that he was trying to determine her exact income.

But on the whole the disappointments were few and the rewards many. My own faith in the human race is strengthened when I remember the motley variety of uptown New Yorkers in whom the Aunts put their trust and how seldom they were disappointed.

Nearly every day they attended concerts, meetings of poetry clubs, lectures, luncheons at the Roosevelt Association, publishers' teas — but I grow faint at contemplating the many things they did. Aunt Marion's health had always been precarious. As a pedestrian, she had always seemed out of her element, except in a parlor. In the street she walked vaguely. But now her endurance was astonish-

ing. Aided by a cane and accompanied by Aunt Ella, she seemed almost to stride, though uncertainly, to her destination. They penetrated the most remote corners of the city, looking for the carefree youth they had never known; and, wherever youth invited them, there they were to be found, savoring to the full this Indian summer of their days.

### IV

AUNT MARION began to publish again and even to make a second name for herself. Many thought that a talented young poetess was entering the scene. One of her new poems, which won the prize in Miss Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*, was as follows:

The trees that lean over water,  
Living enchanted days,  
I have known them on quiet farmlands,  
I have seen them on golden bays;  
Dreaming in calm, cold twilights,  
Musing in noonday suns —  
There are trees that lean over water  
Wherever the water runs.

There is nothing in days or seasons  
These rapt trees ever know;  
The only world for their dwelling  
Is the crystal world below,  
They are deaf to the wind's alluring,  
They are dumb through its stormy song;  
They answer only the water  
That whispers and glides along.

The trees that lean over water,  
They miss the untroubled sky;  
They lose its fathomless splendor  
As the starry march goes by;  
In their own boughs entangled  
They view the eternal suns —  
There are trees that lean over water  
Wherever the water runs.

"I thought of adding a fourth stanza," she said, "explaining what the trees represent, but I decided that we are past the age of the 'Water Fowl' and that an explanation would not be quite modern."

Later she wrote:

I have yielded to modernism enough to try to avoid stiffness, and it is most amusing that I have been criticized twice for faults of technique by ultra-conservative individuals, who didn't know I relaxed purposely. A friend of mine criticized me to Harold Pulsifer for changing the number of beats in the closing line of the poem I enclose. The funny part was that she supposed I didn't know what I was doing. Another woman who saw my things thought me a very *promising young poet* and wanted to teach me versification. (I had published a free-verse poem — unrhymed but markedly rhythmical.) She said she

## THE FORUM

loved to help young poets. I told her I never wrote *carelessly* — that whatever faults she found were committed purposely. But I liked her reply, which came late. She said, "I did get you wrong, didn't I?" . . .

There is too much of me in this letter but plenty of you in my heart.

These revived laurels pleased her, especially as she was addressed by so many of the young who thought her a contemporary. A radical Greenwich Village publisher invited her to read as guest of honor at one of his literary evenings. The Aunts were delighted and sallied forth. They found themselves in a basement bookshop, lighted by candles and crowded with the usual vociferous, slightly intoxicated bards of the 1920's, each with sheaf of poems and shock of hair. The host, who had doubtless expected to welcome a young woman, fell back a pace when he was confronted by two affable old ladies with sweeping skirts, complete assurance, and gay hearts. They had the time of their lives. The Aunts read "old-fashioned" poems; the company read "new-fashioned" poems; there was a friendly exchange of ideas, tempered by kindness and benevolence on both sides.

That evening had a sequel. The host, who published one of those little magazines which came and went in such quick succession, requested a sonnet from Aunt Marion. Elated with her evening in Bohemia, she gave him the sonnet but some time later, on second thought, decided to look into his magazine. The magazines of Greenwich Village and their contents have for so long been less than a memory that I have not now the faintest notion of what Aunt Marion read on that occasion. But she summoned a taxi and whirled downtown to retrieve her poem.

By daylight, the shop was mean and squalid; a dead fly floated in a half-consumed highball, and two policemen stared at a tall old lady in black who meandered determinedly down the three basement steps and flung back the door. She was quite unself-conscious.

I called on Mr. — last Monday and obtained his word of honor that he wouldn't publish my sonnet. So I gave it to the *Outlook*. I don't believe he knows where it is! He looked puzzled. He said, "Well, it's all right if you have a copy and will accept my promise not to publish it. The magazine has not been issued for four months, but it would have been in the number now made up, only I couldn't lay my hand on it." I'm glad of it. . . .

Personally, I don't dislike him. Of course he opened fire on me at once but he swore he didn't want to quarrel. I said I didn't want to quarrel or even to argue, because it was useless. He fulminated, of course, and his eyes glittered wildly — he is a deluded fanatic rather than a merciless "red." Somehow, I was rather sorry for him. He said enough to me to get him deported, though he disclaimed murder and violence. He claims as Bolshevistic nearly the whole literary world, and I just told him that so far as that was true it didn't impress me, for I didn't care about art and literature in comparison with truth and humanity. We had it pretty hot, though without insults — as the worst he called me was a stand-patter, and said Emma Goldman was worth a hundred of us or something like that. I said I was sorry to see a young man so deluded — which I suppose was intensely provoking. . . .

I haven't seen Maeterlinck and probably shall not, but he seems to be acting in a very unsatisfactory manner. Nothing he can do, however, would change my affection for his book *Wisdom and Destiny*, which made it possible, years ago, for me to endure a most uninteresting life.

## V

**F**ROM THE CORE of this uninteresting life, her interests uncoiled in myriad places, probably because her affections had not been allowed to concentrate on a single person. I say "allowed," and, from what my childish ears could gain of past history, the word is just.

My grandfather was determined that his daughters should not marry. He was not the unyielding martinet we have lately seen depicted as Mr. Barrett: he had no objections to parties and dances and evening calls; but I surmise, as I gaze at his picture, which shows a humorous-eyed, red-bearded, and dogmatic male of a dogmatically male period, that a mere hint from him sufficed in lieu of a stern decision. At any rate, it sufficed for two of his daughters.

The youngest was a martinet in her own right and his especial favorite. She always had her way; otherwise I should not be writing at this moment. Indeed, it was she who sketched in for me, laughing, I fear, more than weeping, the shipwreck of romance in the parlor of the house on the corner of Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, in Philadelphia.

Aunt Marion must have been about twenty-two. She was betrothed to a Mr. Coolidge of Boston, and apparently my grandfather consented. Somehow he contrived to delay the marriage. No one knew what his objections were, even when he was challenged to state them. The engagement dragged on for several

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years, until Aunt Marion, taking matters into her own hands, dismissed her lover for his own good and forever. To the end of her days, Will Coolidge sounded like a wistful name.

Aunt Ella's Will Chittick was disposed of for no other reason, as far as I have ever learned, than that he made atrocious puns. One still lingers in my memory:

Marmalade me in the street,  
Plum pie landed on my feet.

Of course, I dare say that the perpetrator of such lines would be a fit husband for nobody and I may add that he was guilty of pinning a towel around the loins of a Venus of Milo. (Roughhousing in the 'seventies.) And so my Aunt Ella also took a name to the grave with her.

But my mother's Jim Hillyer was different. My grandfather, who never could deny anything to his pet, made no objection. He merely requested a delay so that Lily could accompany him to Bermuda while he recovered from galloping consumption. On his return to New York, he became aware that he had not accomplished this feat and he decreed, therefore, that the wedding should take place at his deathbed in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. It will be seen that Victorian courage had its countervices of tyranny and morbidness — but how well the sensible Victorians overcame them!

### VI

SO THE AUNTS were content to be merely godmothers to their sister's offspring. They lived through other people, on the whole, much more happily than most can live through themselves. Aunt Ella, at once sentimental and practical, made a thousand friends whom she alternately dismayed in prosperity and salvaged in adversity. Aunt Marion went her own way, reticent, scornful, and inarticulately devoted. She had two extremes where her sympathy or her hatred could be counted on — the very large or the very small. The middle things never seemed to her worth bothering about. She always maintained that our whole civilization was framed to prop up the mediocre and that the successful of the world were left as unfriended as were the helpless. Hence, she was devoted to Theodore Roosevelt and to rabbits.

Her pets were unorthodox. For dogs and cats she showed a toleration mellowed only by

grudging response to the children's demand for admiration. "As cats go," she would remark, "Dumpty is charming. Indeed, if I could ever bring myself to like a cat, I'm sure I'd choose Dumpty." Or, "Paddy is a very intelligent dog; he knows that I don't want to be bothered with him."

She had a succession of rabbits. Brer Rabbit and Sis Bun were the ancestors of a long dynasty. Rabbits she liked because, although apparently the meekest of creatures, they would stamp their feet at her and defy her when she displeased them. "None of your fawning animals for me! Sis Bun is the fiercest thing I've ever encountered, except human beings. Watch her now; she'd bite me if I gave her a chance." When Aunt Marion was informed that Brer Rabbit had devoured his offspring, she was mildly surprised and commented on the tedium of an unrelieved diet of lettuce.

After the Aunts moved to their New York apartment, someone had the happy notion of presenting them with a chameleon. Shamkins was a lizard of the most extraordinary perceptions. According to Aunt Marion his wits were at least as agile as his body, which, in the presence of a fly, showed lightninglike ferocity. She entered with absorption into the spirit of the hunt and stood motionless before the window-pane while Shamkins, crouched on her wrist, stalked his prey.

Since the life term of chameleons is about two years, there was a succession of them. The death of each was marked by a funeral cortege to the park, where the Aunts would lay the little creature in a shallow grave and commend his personality to Abraham's bosom. On the way home, they would stop and buy another chameleon.

Like the Living Buddha, as soon as the soul fled the deceased, it entered into the body of the new one. How many Shamkins there were I cannot tell, but the last one was the minute murderer of Aunt Ella.

The Aunts were all packed to go away for the summer and were waiting for my sister-in-law to drive them to the station. Aunt Marion, who had always been vague about time, decided that Shamkins must be growing restive in his little traveling cage. So she thought she should let him run about while they were waiting. She opened the door, the chameleon darted

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to a far corner of the room, and the telephone rang. The automobile had arrived, and they had just time to catch the train. "Oh, Marion!" her sister cried and dived after the elusive lizard. He was too quick for her. She pursued for a moment, collapsed, and never rose again. Not till after her death did we realize how unobtrusively necessary she had been in Aunt Marion's existence.

"One grows too old for tears and one grows too old for art," Aunt Marion said and sat for a year, contemplating the bustling change she would have so loved when she was young but which now she could no longer understand. She published one more sonnet, "On Silent Wings":

There is a flock of weary birds, that go  
Not south, but westward, with the dying days;  
They fly in silence through the twilight ways,  
Sounding no call of joy, no cry of woe.  
One after one, like some thin river's flow,  
The line goes on, athwart the morning rays,  
Through the clear noonday, or the stormy haze,  
Still winging toward oblivion, mute and slow.  
No eyes shall follow them with kindling sight,  
And none shall know the seas where they are tossed,  
When their spent pinions shall at last be furled

From the long striving of their hopeless flight;  
For these are love denied, and friendship lost.  
And all the unwanted treasures of the world.

Modern psychology would be glib in disintegrating such a life into its component frustrations. But the life, the person had a fierce integrity. Somewhere between material causes and spiritual effects lies a vast margin of doubt, where speculation alone can play its uncertain light. That is why, perhaps, we are unable to understand the Victorians. We venture to explain all things. Yet the gaiety, the highheartedness, the essential toleration in a life such as I have sketched are utterly inexplicable unless we concede something to the doctrine of will. Life was "uninteresting"; many experiences were conjectural not only to action but even to the imagination; there were circumscriptions beyond which one did not go; but the ultimate was a spiritual success to which neurasthenia of the modern type would be completely alien.

I suppose that is why the Victorians are so much abused. They survived, and calmly survived, this ordeal by Earth which seems to have baffled their successors.



# The Dance of Youth

*Propaganda from the Left*

by DAVID ALLAN ROSS



Drawings by Eve Salisbury

Courtesy New Dance League

**I**N ALMOST every large city in the United States groups of earnest young women are getting together to study the modern dance. The significance of this is both artistic and social, for the modern dance, as it is now developing here, resembles the average stage dance with which American audiences are familiar as a book by Stuart Chase resembles a romantic potboiler novel.

The modern dance — a loose, indefinite term, but there is no other — is not what professional dancers call a routine; nor is it such a sugary, sentimental confection as ballet masters love. It is a new, immensely vivid and effective means of expression, and in America its field has become that of political and social idealism. To say that it is already sweeping the country would perhaps be an overstatement, for it has not yet achieved wide audiences. But to say that to the modern young woman — and, often, young man — who is keenly aware of and interested in the new concepts of social progress but has lacked an effective means of presenting her ideology, it opens up a dazzling field of activity which she is avidly seizing upon — that is a statement of fact.

The modern dance as it exists now was founded by Mary Wigman in Germany. In its earliest form it was consciously grotesque, and was classed by even comparative liberals with *Ulysses*, the *Nude Descending the Stairs*, and the *Ballet Mécanique*. An art curiosity of questionable intrinsic worth, one suspected that it would begin and end with Wigman. It did not.

Wigman herself progressed. Her art emigrated to America and progressed still further. Today there is no reason in the world for not regarding it as a native dance form. The foremost American interpreter, Martha Graham, has made it entirely her own, and from her rather than from Wigman stems the present tide. Other American dancers, many of them Graham's students, have adapted the form to their own requirements and have injected into it wholly American concepts and themes. Today it has become recognized as a highly effective form of expression of vital themes, and it is significant that its greatest practice and popularity are found in radical organizations,

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in colleges, where the trend of thought must be regarded as definitely radical, in John Reed clubs and workers' groups.

### WANTED: SOUND CRITICISM

AS IN ALL radical art developments, the modern dance is the subject of violent dispute, even among its own followers. It is being furiously assailed by conservatives, to whom the classical ballet represents the highest form of the dance. In England, where there is a great revival of the classical ballet, the American modern dance is contemptuously dismissed as "mere lewd posturing." In New York, where the modern dance is most securely entrenched, critics vary widely in their evaluation of it. John Martin, the *Times* critic, who has been one of its most active sponsors, refers in his review of a recent Martha Graham recital to her "extraordinary artistry" and says she

touched another of those peaks of achievement which have marked her career as a dancer. . . . She is one of the most compelling personalities in the contemporary arts.

Speaking of the same recital, a commentator in another leading New York paper remarks impatiently:

She is no less adept in assuming grotesque postures than heretofore. . . . One tires of seeing the same graceless, angular leaps and bounds reiterated *ad infinitum*.

One of the difficulties any form of the dance has yet to overcome in America, one must observe, is the desolate lack of competent critics. Save for the *Times*, no New York paper employs a dance critic, and the conditions are worse elsewhere. Comment on dance recitals is in the hands of men and women utterly incapable of evaluating the work and is either as brashly superficial as the irritated remarks quoted above or limited merely to listing the program, with some such remark as that "the audience was large and appreciative." The employment of competent critics of the dance by American papers will go far to aid its progress here. When one thinks of the expensive critical faculties devoted to the theater, music, books, pictorial art, and even the motion pictures, this condition seems unhappy and unjust.

It is a curious fact that the modern dance is regarded with suspicion in Russia, where admittedly its possibilities have never been investigated. In an article in the *New Theatre* on

the Soviet dance, Chen I-Wan remarks:

Though these latter systems (Duncan, Dalcroze, Wigman, Graham) are a considerable step towards the democratization of the dance in comparison to the classical ballet, they are always specifically bourgeois democratizations, limited in their expression to bourgeois ideology.

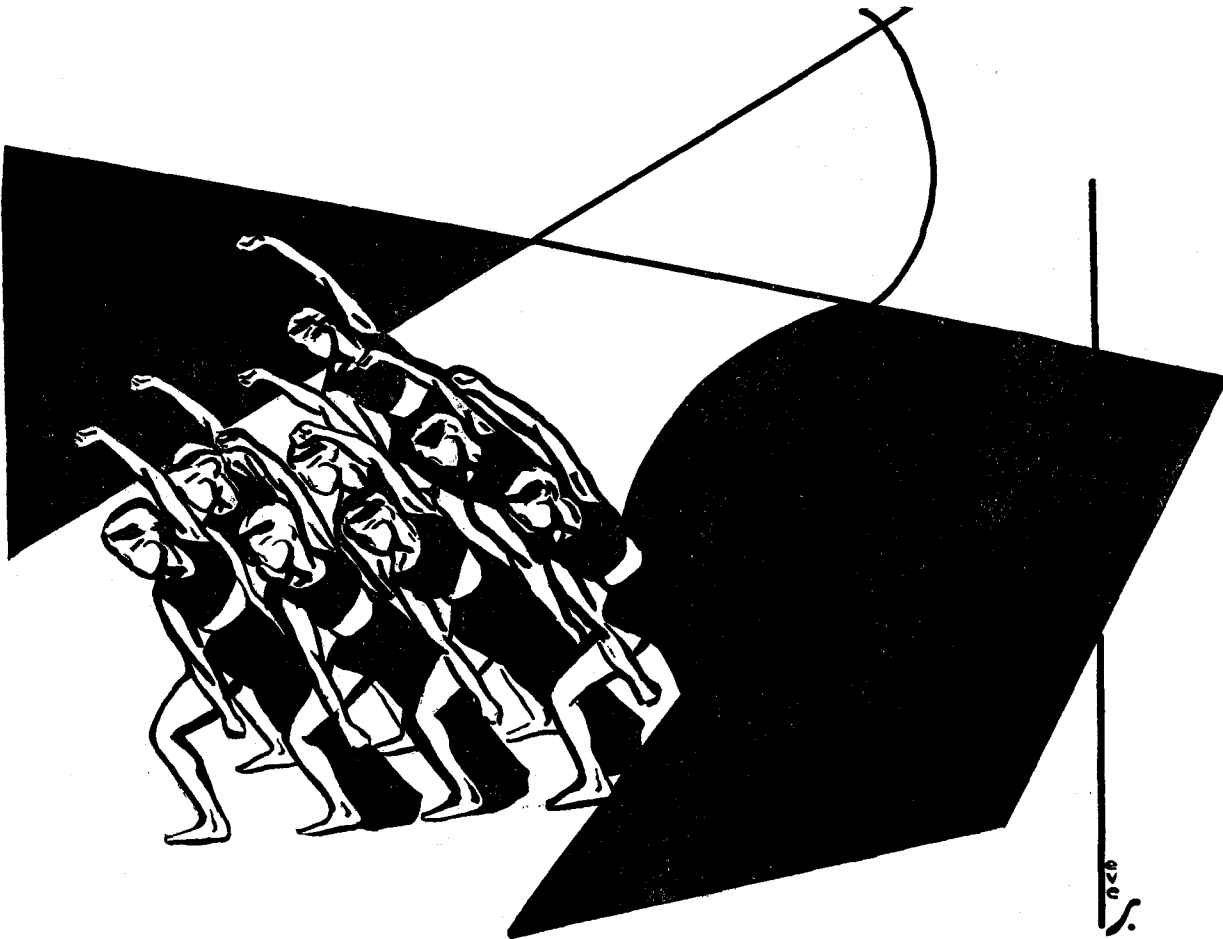
This statement will astonish and irritate American followers of the modern dance. Here, its greatest popularity is found among proletarian groups, as a vivid means of presenting revolutionary themes. One of the most progressive and ambitious groups is the Workers' Dance League, in New York. The program of this group at a recent recital included dances called *Parasite*, *Red Workers Marching*, *Black and White*, *Forces in Opposition*, *Antiwar Cycle*, and *Van der Lubbe's Head* — titles which sufficiently express their themes, even if the dances themselves failed always to interpolate them both to thematic and artistic satisfaction.

Several of the dancers in this organization are pupils of Martha Graham and work with her group: Lil Liandre, Sophie Maslow, Lily Mehlman, Anna Sokolow. The difference between a Graham recital and a Workers' Group recital is, however, striking. Naturally, none of the young women in the group has the creative power nor the choreographic ability of Graham, and, though it is Martha Graham's movements the Workers adapt to their own needs, the themes are divergent.

Martha Graham is not concerned with presenting a political philosophy. Her objective is to interpret emotional and intellectual themes by means of the body. Her movements are striking and often unusual. Her dancing, and all modern dancing, calls for a degree of technique quite as exacting as that of the classical ballet, it should be noted. Miss Graham, in the control of her body, is a virtuoso. She employs satire with powerful effect in such works as *American Provincials*. She creates a remarkable emotional effect in *Lamentation*, with extraordinary economy of emotion and without the use of facial expression. In her new group dance, *Course*, she has created a dance of such exciting, virile movement that it is capable of bringing a large and sophisticated audience to its feet with cheers of delight.

Her followers, and especially those of her group, have not yet succeeded in harmonizing

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her dance forms with their own ideology, although they are rapidly improving. They strive nobly, but the unhappy fact remains that when the dancing is good the revolutionary theme is often obscure and when the theme bristles from the stage the dancing is distressingly bad. There is no excuse, for example, even for a comparatively inexperienced group, to present such an uninspired and feeble composition as *Red Workers Marching*, which failed both as a dance and as propaganda. The mere fact that the workers' groups sometimes find it necessary to use an off-stage voice during their dancing establishes the failure of the dance, for unless it is self-explanatory it is a choreographic debacle.

The workers' groups are young, however. They are not to be blamed if their efforts to present a good piece of choreography and to drive home a proletarian precept at one and the same time are usually inept. In time, when they are more finished dancers and better understand the fundamentals of what they are at present rather naïvely trying to preach, the results will be interesting. That these groups, one of whose greatest assets is a fine capacity

for self-criticism, are aware of their shortcomings and intend to overcome them is indicated not only by the enthusiasm with which they study but by the fact that in New York the Workers' Dance League offers courses to its members on "The Fundamentals of the Class Struggle," in order that they may better understand what they are striving to express in their dancing. It is planned to hold similar courses in other centers.

### YOUTH UPSPRINGING

**T**HE MODERN DANCE is essentially the dance of youth. It is the Hemingway of the dance art: impudent, frank, inclined to starkness, immensely virile, splendidly adapted to satire, though, alas, all too few of its performers possess at present the needed subtlety of conception and execution to succeed in satire. Its devotees scorn the classical ballet, with its effete preciousness and lack of vital theme, as a modern young author despises the studied elegance of Thackeray. Throughout the country groups are springing up, groups of earnest young people who welcome this new, exciting way of thumbing their noses at tradition and

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flaunting their social and political concepts.

That this does not escape the notice of the conservatives was made apparent during a tour of the Humphrey-Wiedman group. Neither Doris Humphrey nor Charles Wiedman is noted for radical tendencies in the dance. Indeed, the younger moderns regard them with scorn. A commentator in the *New Theatre* bewails the "crumbling to trivial dust of another landmark of the American Dance," after witnessing a Humphrey-Wiedman recital, on the ground that these noted dancers show a preference for abstract themes instead of the full-blooded proletarian ones. Yet during this group's tour a provincial reviewer cries hysterically (as John Martin quotes him):

... it is not the boys on the soapbox I would fear ... it is those half-mad, clairvoyant creatures, the artists, for they have the power to distill dangerous ideas into more dangerous emotions. ... The Humphreys and Wiedmans are very, very dangerous people; they make me shudder with fear.

One wonders what this person would do if he saw some of the Workers' Group dances. Call out the army, no doubt. On this same tour another reviewer termed the dances "decadent to a shocking degree." Fortunately, such remarks were not the keynote of the critical comment in the provinces. Much of it was refreshingly liberal and appreciative.

This sharp divergence of opinion is particularly interesting just now, because determined efforts are being made to create an American ballet. The School of the American Ballet was formed not long ago in New York, with the avowed intention of developing both a native ballet and a popular appreciation of the ballet form. One foresees a considerable battle to be waged between the classical ballet and the modern dance, for in every respect they are enemies and between the supporters of each school there is heated animosity. The odds, one suspects, are on the side of the modern dance.

Another stronghold which will do much to foster the growth of the modern dance is the colleges, where its forms are being widely adopted as a part of physical-training programs. It is particularly well suited to girls, because it develops poise, balance, suppleness, muscle control, and agility. Also it permits, as nothing else does, the expression of those emotions of defiance, disrespect for tradition, arrogance, and sheer physical *joie de vivre*

natural to youth, whereas the ballet is an exacting, controlling, and restricting form, essentially artificial and always tending to restrain free, full-bodied movement.

Many Y.W.C.A.'s now give classes in the modern dance, and they are invariably extremely popular. In Chicago one has the rather surprising spectacle of the Y.W.C.A. co-operating with the New Dance Group, a definitely radical organization, at a recital. Such is the means of liberal, exhilarating, and exciting expression given to the dancer, even to the mere dilettante, by this medium, that it is inevitable that much of this groundwork will bear fruit in the future. Having the means of expression, the dancer naturally seeks themes to express, and the tendency of youth today is hardly conservative. It is reasonable to suppose that many who have discovered the possibilities of this art form in college and elsewhere will later join one of the many semiprofessional groups scattered over the country, all of which are fired by a passionate urge to dance splendidly and to express with dramatic vigor their own social and political ideology, most of it radical.

### THE BALLET IS DEAD

IT IS NOT fair to term the modern dance itself a proletarian art form. It simply happens that it is a form perfectly suited to the vigorous dramatization of significant themes and a form that makes a particularly powerful appeal to youth, both as performer and audience. Also, save in the case of finished artists like Graham, it is at its most effective in group form and is economical in performance, since it does not require — and in fact scorns — pretty stage sets, fancy lighting, and symphony orchestras, relying entirely upon itself for full effect. That young, alive people today find — as perhaps at heart they always have — revolutionary themes most attractive as dance themes is attributable to other causes than the form itself.

Critics of the modern dance delight to term it a foreign importation and predict its early demise. They have no logical reason for either belief. The form shows every sign of flourishing indefinitely, and, save as far as all dancing is imported from somewhere, it is as American as any art form can be. In essence it is infinitely older than the classical ballet, which originated in Fifteenth-Century Italy, for its basic form goes back at least to ancient Egypt.

## GENERAL DELIVERY

As to the future of the modern dance, probably in direct conflict with conservative efforts to create an American classical ballet, one recalls Havelock Ellis' remark in *The Dance of Life*:

Dancing will always be undergoing a rebirth. . . . Not merely as an art but as a social custom, it perpetually emerges afresh from the soul of the people.

That is precisely what the modern dance is doing, while on the other hand one is well enough justified in feeling that the classical ballet has passed its apogee and has reached a state of permanent decadence.

In every worth-while art there may happen — as long as it is alive and capable of growth — a sudden blossoming, a brilliant fulfillment of effort, time, love, imagination, devotion, creative power. When the blossom has reached its full growth, it fades, and the same stem rarely produces another as rich. This has already happened with that stem of the dance root termed the classical ballet. Diaghilev, Fokine, and Stravinski formed a marriage of genius from which blossomed the *ballet russe*, and in the *ballet russe* the ballet reached, by an accident of union of temperament and creative power, its full perfection. It ended there.

Today's dancer must seek inspiration elsewhere. It cannot be imitative and it must come to him as a transmutation of mental, spiritual, and physical environment. That is why an American proletarian dance group, using the modern dance form to express a living, urgent philosophy, is of intrinsically greater artistic worth than the *corps de ballet* of the Paris Opera, which no doubt greatly exceeds it in aesthetic virtuosity; for the modern group is fulfilling, out of its own pressing need for expression, Ellis' requirement of rebirth and doing it unconsciously. It is adapting the fundamental art, the dance, to express a vigorous, living theme in dramatic presentation. It brings to the dance a new nourishment and in doing so creates the root from which, in time, may occur another accident of artistic biology to create on this stem a new blossom of perfection. The present-day ballet has reduced the dance to a mere artistic tour de force. The modern dance is restoring the art to a significant social function, intrinsically artistic — a powerful, emphatic idiom of current social, political, and economic ideology which, as the provincial reviewer shudderingly observed, is definitely to be feared — by those who fear forceful expression of progressive thought.

### **General Delivery**

(dedicated to Lawrence of Arabia)

*They have no local habitation  
and no permanent address  
and no friendly need of name.*

*They the timid men, some deer some antelope,  
and the crafty men, some fox and lynx.*

*If you bail them they will scatter  
frightened, snarling, wary and a-whimper,  
tetherless and never to be tethered;  
they are of the world's escaped.*

*Hail them all anonymously,  
write them greet them  
care of General Delivery,  
they may bear you, they may answer.*

*An impersonal, incurious confessor  
justly loving, without motives  
is this General Delivery.*

*These are his, the hunted, haunted,  
weary-willy antelope and lynx,  
children to too many generals' love.*

*Lincoln, Lenin, Gandbi,  
General Booth and General Coxey,  
dead or soon for dying;  
yet none so permanent, substantial  
as this General Delivery.*

*Hail them, bail them all anonymously,  
armies without habitation,  
greet them care of General Delivery,  
they may bear you, they may answer.*

**Herbert Gerhard Bruncken**

# The Evidence for Prophecy

by J. B. RHINE

**B**EFORE looking for the evidence for prophecy, it must first be decided what would constitute evidence for prophecy. That is, what would be required to establish the fact that prescience of future events actually exists by means unrecognized today?

First of all, the known modes of precognition, such as rational inference, advance indications or tips, and the like, must be definitely excluded as applicable explanations. Likewise must there be no way left open by which to bring about voluntarily the event prophesied. Third, deception and malobservation must be eliminated as possibilities. And, finally, the results must be clearly beyond the range of reasonable explanation by mere chance or random factors. Can evidence be found that will pass muster on all these points?

If prophecy be half as important as I pictured it in last month's FORUM,\* it is astonishing that there has been so little study of it. For I may as well say at the outset that it is not a very imposing array of evidence that I have been able to muster. It appears that prophecy has been one of those things which most people, except for a few curious or courageous investigators of those strange phenomena of mind popularly called "psychic," simply either believed or disbelieved.

To get at the first attempt at a study of precognition, we have to go back fifty years, to that little group of venturesome English scholars who founded the Society for Psychical Research. They began to collect cases of apparently unexplainable visions, dreams, and other strange experiences of hallucinatory character, in order to study them statistically. Among these was a sprinkling of apparently prophetic cases, frequently involving premonition of danger or death.

As an example of the type of case collected, I

will mention one related to me very recently by a trusted friend. I do not cite this as evidence, however — merely as an illustration. My friend was sitting up late on Friday, May 10, of this year, chatting with a businessman reputed to have "psychic" powers. It was actually Saturday morning, for it was two A.M., when the "psychic" said he had a strong "impression" of a terrific airplane crash, of which there would be notice in the papers in the morning. It was a huge plane — "a knockout of a plane," to use his words — with wings slanting backward somewhat and something unusual about the cabin. The crash was terrible, he insisted. He was not sure about fire but was inclined to think there was some. In the morning my friend found no such news in the papers of his city. But, in the afternoon paper, the story of the "explosion" of the giant Russian plane on May 11 was published. Allowing for time difference, it occurred less than four hours after the "impression."

Where one such instance merely leaves one puzzled, a score of them incite one to think and seek actively to generalize in some fashion, while several hundred similar cases compel some serious consideration and furnish material for it. The Society's collection numbers in the hundreds, and a study of it has been made by Mr. H. F. Saltmarsh, an experienced and qualified investigator of the psychical field. And one result of the study was that at least Saltmarsh himself was convinced that prophecy does sometimes occur. He is conservative, however, and is doubtful if much of the future could in any case be knowable. His theory takes us into metaphysics, which is deep water for most of us.

The real question for decision here is: How good is his evidence? And it is very hard to answer. The cases are supposed to have been carefully collected, with reports taken only from reputable people and with corroborative

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: — "The Gift of Prophecy"

## THE EVIDENCE FOR PROPHECY

reports accompanying each one. Furthermore, there is a kind of internal consistency shown, statistically treated by Saltmarsh, which shows that the results mean something. They are not just a bunch of random guesses or wild tales. To Saltmarsh, who has studied them, this meaning is prophecy. This is so weighty a matter, however, that most people will hesitate. When one recalls that average human testimony is seldom rated higher than sixty-five per cent accurate and that there are other meanings or hypotheses that could explain the statistical result Saltmarsh found (a point he is fair in recognizing), one cannot be very confident about prophecy on the basis of this kind of evidence.

There is another collection of instances of spontaneous previsionary experiences, a smaller one but by a very distinguished man, the French physiologist, Professor Charles Richet. He has long been a bold explorer in the realms of both mind and body, and for one of his discoveries — a physiological one, — was awarded the Nobel prize in medicine. If eminence could carry conviction in matters of prophecy, as it one time did, then his little book, *L'Avenir et la Prémonition*, ought to be convincing to all who read it. And doubtless its one hundred forty cases and their interesting analysis do impress many. Personally, I think Professor Richet is less critical and cautious than Mr. Saltmarsh, judging the two men by their writings alone. I cannot read Richet's *Thirty Years of Psychical Research* without the conviction that the great savant has more than once been deceived, and is perhaps not always adequately on guard. In any case, authority is not safely transferable from one field to another. So Professor Richet's case study leaves me no further advanced than Mr. Saltmarsh's left me, with just a bit more puzzlement perhaps.

Yet to say these studies do not prove prophecy is not to dismiss them as worthless. Even though we may not accept such cases as final proof, however multiplied they may be, their meaningfulness does increase with the study of large numbers of other carefully collected instances. Particularly when one finds certain little resemblances in reports from widely dif-

ferent quarters, from divers types of persons, reports which cover a great range of content, it leaves him with a strong impression of reality and genuineness that is difficult to dismiss, however critical he may be.

Many readers will argue that the questions of unreliability of reporting, impossibility of accurate verification and evaluation, as well as other points, leave too much unsettled about the case-collection approach itself, for it to be

used as the solution of so difficult a problem. It is, I think, a reasonable and probably valid criticism, if one has in mind a final decision on prophecy. But somebody always has to play grand jury and bring the subject into court for the first time and prove it is worth a serious trial. Surely Salt-

marsh and Richet have done that. To neglect the subject now after their study would be unpardonable.

### PROPHETIC DREAMS

ONE OF THE many interesting points of the Saltmarsh study was the high frequency of dream prophecies. More cases appeared in dream form than in any other of the six subdivisions. The dream has always been associated with belief in prophecy, a fact that is well illustrated in the Biblical records of Hebrew folk customs.

It is not so curious, then, that another study of prophecy has consisted almost entirely in the use of dreams. I refer to Dunne's *An Experiment with Time*, a book which attracted much attention. The author of this work relates that he found himself, in his dreams, occasionally anticipating the coming of events. Impressed with this, he set to work to record both his dreams and the subsequent events of his daily life and to check these later for coincidences. He was then still more impressed. He called in friends to get their check on his results and found that they too got impressive coincidences of their dreams and future events.

Dunne, satisfied, like Saltmarsh (though, I think, much more easily), sat down, like Saltmarsh again, to devise a theory to account for his curious results. I will show some consideration, however, and merely refer you to his



## THE FORUM

book, now in its third edition, for the theory itself. If you like fantastic speculation, it will be found very satisfying.

The dream studies of Dunne aroused so much interest that Besterman, of the Society mentioned, undertook to repeat the Dunne experiments. He used forty-three volunteer subjects and got records of four hundred thirty dreams. However, he regarded only two of them as having good cases, neither being conclusive. Dunne thinks Besterman did not follow the proper procedure and does not regard the work as a test of his own claims. This is a delicate point.

It is hard to tell just what value to give Dunne's dream coincidences, even disregarding the failure of the others to confirm his results. There is no good measure applicable, and personal estimate plays too large a part. Therefore, while some of them are impressive as reported, they do not advance the subject evidentially beyond the case-collection treatment of Saltmarsh and in some ways fall far short of it. The chief value of the Dunne report lies in the suggestion of the dream-record technique as a method of studying prophecy. For this he probably deserves considerable credit, and again even his case is probably strong enough to justify one's taking the problem of prophecy seriously enough to investigate it further.

### THE WEIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE

**T**HE NEXT evidence I shall mention is of a most curious type indeed, yet it appears, superficially at least, to be the best of all. One of its peculiar features is that it is supposed to have been planned by spirit personalities with a view to convincing their living friends of their survival of death. Since it depends upon the co-operation of a medium and since we do not know yet what powers a medium herself possesses in her own right, we cannot here deal with the spirit theory itself and will politely ignore it. But we can deal with the apparent precognition shown.

The evidence I refer to is that of the "newspaper tests" given by (or through) Mrs. Leonard, the well-known English trance medium, and reported by C. Drayton Thomas, an English clergyman, in *Some New Evidence for Human Survival*. The prophecy consisted in a statement through the medium that the next day's paper (named) would contain, on its front

page in a specified column at a certain height (as "about halfway down"), a given name; or a characterization would be given identifying a person whose name would be found there. For example, to quote the mediumistic utterances:

Column two, page one of the *Times*, a little way above halfway down, see the name Dawson. He knew one Dawson very well; and close to that name is given a place which he connects with the Dawson whom he knew.

At the time the medium's voice spoke the words, the *Times* was not yet in type. To describe the location of a name on the page would either require prophecy or require that the editor or an assistant had already planned the page and that telepathic perception of his plan was the basis for the phenomenon. Now the name Dawson was in column one, *not* in two, but was about two inches above the halfway line. Close to it was the name of a church with which the purported communicator and his colleague, Dawson, had been connected.

However, most of the "newspaper tests" do not give names; they depend instead on characterizing statements, such as this:

Not quite halfway down, a name which sounded to him like that of people with whom your mother has recently renewed friendship.

Now this vagueness and indirectness allow more room for advantageously fitting in a range of possibilities. And the chances for accidental hits are not calculable in most of these tests. Also, if an appropriate name appears nearby, say in the next column, it is taken as a success. It is hard to say just what to expect, under these conditions, from factors other than prophecy. It is crucially necessary to rule out chance drastically, before a conclusion of prophecy is anything more than a pretense or a blunder.

While, therefore, the open-minded student could not read the reports of these newspaper tests without being given to think furiously, he will probably agree with me that, for the solution of so great a question as prophecy, the tests are not clear and precise enough. Records of the prophecies were sent to the Society's office immediately following the sitting and before the paper was printed. On this point there is no weakness evident, but one must reckon carefully on the point of coincidence, and this

## THE EVIDENCE FOR PROPHECY

reckoning cannot be made with these results.

I dismiss the question of the evidence for the trustworthiness of the investigator, as in all this work, on this ground: that it is probably good enough in all the cases to justify the confidence required to look further into the question. Were it a final decision on prophecy, the answer would be different. The stakes are much lower than that.

### THE ROLE OF THE MEDIUM

**I**F THIS IS the sum total of the evidence for prophecy, most readers will agree that it is not good enough to establish it as a principle. But prophecy, like most problems of the psychical realm, stands in need not so much of belief as of investigation. And these same critical readers will agree, I think, that the evidence warrants at least a bit more inquiry into the subject. If, then, a serious and thorough investigation is justified, it is a question next of how many positive failures are needed to justify rejection.

What has stood out in the survey thus far is the need for a simple, easy, precise estimate of results that permits us to come to grips with the laws of chance. If we could get a prophecy test that allowed clear-cut computation of results and of what to expect on chance alone, the advantage over all earlier studies would be immense. The opportunity to try such a test arose in the course of the Duke University experiments reported in my *Extra-Sensory Perception*. (By this name is designated the capacity to perceive objects, clairvoyance, or the mental states of another, telepathy, without aid of the recognized senses.)

In THE FORUM for last December\* I mentioned these experiments and described briefly the simple card test used for clairvoyance. The actuality of clairvoyant perception has been amply demonstrated, and the fact of its interrelation with telepathy has been pretty clearly indicated in the Duke experiments.

Now, all through the ages there have been no two supposed phenomena more intimately associated than clairvoyance and prophecy. The two, whether true or false, have always gone hand in hand. This age-old association strongly suggests the view that — if there is clairvoyance and there is prophecy — prophecy is

closely related to clairvoyance: i.e., clairvoyance of the future.

Again, so we reasoned, if clairvoyance is so overwhelmingly demonstrated and is, as we find, apparently unrestricted by space, what then of the time dimension? If space and time are so closely related as our modern views suggest, then every real clairvoyant should be a potential prophet in the strictest sense of the word.

The method lay simple before us in the Duke experiments. We needed only to ask the subject who was accustomed to calling a pack of cards lying face down before him to call them not as they were but as they *would be after a given period of shuffling* by the observer. The checkup can be mathematically more precise than an experiment in quantitative chemistry. The tests can be repeated over and over again. Anyone can try them, and the scores can be evaluated by an established statistical procedure that gives their value against mere chance as exactly as any natural phenomenon can be evaluated.

For nearly two years now these tests have been going on. While the trials number many thousands and the results are clear cut and permit of only one interpretation, we feel that it is wisest to withhold for a time yet the announcement of the direction in which they point. This is done in view of the tremendous strain the weight of the problem puts upon its evidence and the heavy responsibility that rests upon those who draw conclusions about it. I hope the reader will be tolerant and will appreciate this need for a thousand cautions at every step in the field of these hazardous but fascinating psychical problems.

After I wrote the above paragraphs, there arrived a manuscript report of a recent and strictly experimental investigation of precognition by an experienced research worker in the psychical field who used a method very much like our own. When it appears, it will, I anticipate, create more stir than anything described above has done, as I think it deserves to do. For if it be not evidence of prophecy, it would appear to be evidence of something else that is equally important to the sciences of mind. It is good to have this more hopeful note on which to end. Yet again I remind myself that every such rose of hope has its attending thorns of possible error.

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: — "*Are We 'Psychic' Beings?*"

# They Called Her Dawn



by **ANGIE TURNER JEFFREYS**

*Drawing by Charles John*

**T**HEY CALLED her Dawn — because They found her at dawn and she was to be the dawn of a new life to Them. Then, They did not know that she would always be at the dawn of reasoning nor that at dawn they would lose her again. To Them she was to become a lovely spirit — not like other children. They never really understood her until she had left Them, but the memory of her lingered in Their hearts — a memory so tender, so exquisite that They could never speak of her without the mingled emotions of longing and of tears.

They found her when They were quite in the middle years of life. Returning from a ball in the soft, pearly dawn of an early spring day, she had been there in a little basket half hidden beneath the crowded Cape jasmine beside the garden steps. She had been so tiny and frail even then that They had hardly dared touch her, but her great eyes in the wee undernourished face had made Them hope that no one would ever take her away. No one ever had, and so They had kept her for Their own and, since she had had no name, They had called her, simply, Dawn.

She had grown but slowly, this fragile flower of a child. She was almost like a fairy, so tiny and slender and perfectly formed was she. She flitted about the house and garden on legs which seemed to twinkle beneath her brief little skirts, scattering happiness wherever she went. They knew she loved Them, for she used to cuddle in Her arms and ride upon His knee and give Them swift little kisses like the brush of a butterfly's wing against their lips. Her hair was pale gold and clustered about her

small, heart-shaped face in soft curls, tied with ribbons the color of the sky.

Above all else she loved the garden — that vast, rambling place where flowers and low-hanging willows and blossoming fruit trees nestled together in cozy communion, protected from the outside world by their high stone wall. She loved the shallow stream which wandered at random through the lower end of the garden, where she could watch the little silver fish flash back and forth on their mysterious journeys. She would play for hours beside the stream, dabbling her small hands in its coolness and delighting in the tiny shivers that prickled her backbone. The birds in the trees were not afraid of her. She would chatter to them and sit so still that they would hop quite near to her and cock their heads on one side and then the other, as they listened.

She was nearly five when They began to realize that she was different from other children. They had not realized before, because They had had no children of their own and to Them she was the spirit of childhood in its loveliest form. She, a dainty figure with a kind, sweet face and slightly graying hair, had devoted Her life to little Dawn, thrilled by the child's understanding of Nature, by her vivid imagination, which could create real beings of the fairy folk and elves of whom they read. He, a tall, rather splendid figure of a man, with tired, tender eyes and a sensitive mouth, would lose His tiredness when He came into the presence of these two, and life within the old garden would seem a mysteriously fragrant and tender thing.

## EMILY DICKINSON

### II

It was when she began to live too much with the fairy folk that They became concerned. They tried to teach her that "A" was for "apple" and "B" for the bees which hung on their gossamer wings above the honeysuckle on the stone wall; but she would smile her sweet, not quite earthly smile, and her great, pansy eyes would have a faraway look, as though she were gazing into worlds which They could only dream of. She would slip from Their arms and flit among the flowers, peeking into their vivid, fragrant cups, playing among the whispering weeping-willow fronds, looking for the fairies.

It was the sixth year of the Cape jasmine, from which They dated everything since the advent of her coming, when she became so ill They thought They would surely lose her, but when she was better They took her away to see a friend of Theirs. He was a tall man in a white coat, a little like Him, so that she wasn't frightened. After a while, he told Them in his gentle, kindly way that she would never be like other children. She would always be just "nearly five." When They came back to the garden, They were different too. They were sad for the little one, who could never grow into the full morning of life, but They were happy for the lovely spirit which had been Theirs for a while.

At first They brought her toys like other children's — balls and wagons and dolls with real hair and eyes that would open and shut. She accepted them politely, as They had taught her, but she did not care for them. She would sit quietly with them in her hands until They had turned their attention away and then she would hide them beneath the Cape jasmine and slip off to play with the things that she understood, the live things in the garden.

They stopped reading to her of fairies and of elves, and she missed it at first but, when They read of other things, she didn't seem to understand. They clipped off her long curls one day, for They said that all her strength was going to her hair. It made her look more like a little sprite than ever, with the ringlets clustering closely, lovingly about her small, piquant face.

One day They stopped giving her strange hard toys, and He brought her a wee white kitten with china-blue eyes and a bow of ribbon around its neck. She adored it. She would cuddle it in her arms and sing funny little songs of her own making but she never pulled its tail. They tried reading fairy tales again, but she would only sit and wait for them to finish. The gift of concentration which had once seemed so amazing in the child had faded away. She was no longer interested in fairies out of books — she had created her own world and peopled it with creatures of her own imaginings.

Somehow as the years went on she lost all curiosity about what lay beyond those garden walls — the old garden was her world. She loved it in all its moods but she seemed to love it best in moonlight. When the moon hung in the night sky, a shining bauble or a thin, pale sickle of light, and They had gone to sleep, she would slip down the ivy trellis and dance with the fairies in the garden — a frail, lovely spirit in the eerie light, her bare feet sparkling with dewdrops, her hair garlanded with flowers.

And thus They found her one morning, in the fifteenth year of the Cape jasmine, lying as if asleep beside the little stream, her hair garlanded with a wreath of white Cape jasmine still fresh and heavy with that strange, exotic perfume, her slim fingers trailing in the cool, murmuring waters of the stream.

At dawn she had left Them. They remembered her with longing and with tears.

### *Emily Dickinson*

*She climbed above the snow-bound clouds  
And stumbled over stars;  
She tripped along through purple shrouds —  
And spun her golden bars.*

**Eunice Brady**

COLLEGE OF ST. TERESA; WINONA, MINN.

# Callie Long's Boy Huey

Continued from page 79

instructed to vote *against* secession; he *did* vote against secession; and, thereafter, although the power of the planters swept Louisiana into the Confederacy, Winnfield Parish was popularly referred to as the *Free State* of Winn.

Hamilton Basso, in a recent magazine article, sketches the broad background of the still-unresolved struggle of planter versus backwoods farmer, with the post-Civil War upsurge of the middle class which brought into national prominence such figures as "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, Eugene Talmadge, Olin D. Johnson, Theodore G. (The Man) Bilbo, and Bibb Graves. None of them derives more clearly from this century-old tradition of hillbilly revolt than does Huey P. Long, Jr.

What did they want, these abolitionist, antisecessionist, Unionist yeoman farmers of the Free State of Winn? In the words of Huey Long's own father, they wanted to "get the niggers off our necks." There were practically no Negroes in Winn Parish then and there are no Negroes now. But there were Negro slaves in the delta lands of Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, whence these poor whites emigrated, and it was the competition of slave labor that forced them back into the hills. There are Negroes, hundreds of thousands of them, in the Yazoo Delta today, working as share croppers under conditions which are the practical equivalent of slavery and forcing out the white share croppers. When I drove through the Delta, the poor whites I picked up along the road told me: "It's hard for a white man to get a home these days. The owners would rather have the niggers."

Perhaps the ultimate working out of this conflict is expressed in the attempt of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, in Arkansas and elsewhere, to organize white and black share croppers together. To "get the niggers off their backs," the white share croppers are obliged to make common cause with the Negro share croppers on terms of economic equality, which means ultimately, of course, social equality.

Both before and after the Civil War, the hill farmers of Winn Parish proposed a different solution. They wanted the Negroes colonized on reservations, like

the Indians. But the story of this struggle can best be told in the words of the octogenarians who lived through most of it. To them the past is ever present in the contemporary conflicts; there is no break in the historical continuity; they are still fighting, and never so blindly as today, when the star of Huey Long seems destined ultimately to lead them again to betrayal and defeat.

## THEY KNEW HUEY

THERE IS a side road out of Sikes that leads for ten miles through cut-over country, becoming progressively worse. When it became totally impassable, I left my car and followed a rough wagon trail nearly a mile through the ragged second growth of birch and oak. At the end of the trail was a three-room cabin, and in the cabin a bright-eyed ancient of ninety-one, sitting bent over his fireplace. His whiskers were white and Jovian, but his hair, like that of his eighty-seven-year-old brother, Uncle Percy Smith, whom I had seen in Sikes, showed scarcely a trace of gray. These two were the wheel horses of the Socialist Party in Winn Parish, which in 1908, when Eugene Debs spoke in Winnfield, elected better than half the Parish officials. I wanted the old man to talk about Huey, but J. P. Smith is not a Long man, although Huey's grandmother was his first cousin.

"I'm a dyed-in-the-wool socialist. But we can't put it in soon enough to save the nation. Share the Wealth won't do enough soon enough. We're done. There's been a war after every big panic except one. I don't believe it will make much difference whether we elect a Democrat or a Republican president. We'll go into a war anyway, right after the next presidential election. Son, you say you've been around over the country. Don't you agree with me?"

I admitted a similar apprehension, while, as became my youth, I evaded the responsibilities of the prophet. The old man pondered and poked his meager fire. When he spoke again, it was the older memories, the ancient hatreds that flared in him.

"They call it the Civil War. I call it the most degradingest thing that

ever happened to a nation. When they came to conscript us, my brother, J. W. Smith, said to me: 'I'll lie in the woods till the moss grows over my back before I fight for the other man's niggers.'"

I had heard the phrase before from other ancients. If their memories are accurate, about half the able-bodied males of Winn Parish "took refuge in the arms of General Green" rather than fight in the Confederate army. In other words, they took to the woods, where the Confederate cavalry hunted them and shot them down like wild shote. Some of them, like J. W. Smith, who was killed at Vicksburg, enlisted in the Union army.

After the War, Winn Parish joined with the Southern planters to throw out the carpetbaggers. But again they were tricked and baffled. The Negroes weren't colonized like the Indians — the planters still held the whip hand. So, twenty years later, when Charles Vincent organized Winn Parish for the Populists, the old slogan was still to the fore: "Get the niggers off our necks." In 1892 or thereabouts, Winn Parish elected a full Populist ticket. But gradually this tide receded; Harley Bryant, elected State Representative, tried, according to J. P. Smith, to sell the Parish down the river to the railroad. The Smith brothers fought him and ten years later carried the Ward of Sikes for the Socialist Party, which also elected about half the police jurors and school-board members for Winn Parish.

Where was the Long family in this history? I collected various legends, none of them scandalous or even discreditable, although the Senator makes no use of them in his autobiography, *Every Man a King*.

So far as I could make out, the talent and force of the Long family — it is genuine; all of Huey's five brothers and sisters are clever and more or less successful people — are derived chiefly from the female side.

Huey's grandmother, the mother of Huey Long, Sr., was a Lee, whose people came to Winnfield Parish from Virginia in 1836. The old-timers remember her as a "very determined woman." It seems that her husband, John Long, who was, incidentally, a Unionist, shared

## CALLIE LONG'S BOY HUEY

the liking of many another leading citizen for gambling and liquor. But Mary Long was the leading woman Baptist of Winnfield. She led the fight to vote liquor out of Winnfield Parish and won it by a spectacular and well-remembered campaign which included parading the town, waving a bloody bridle. The blood, she declaimed, was from her husband's hands, cut while he was drunk. In the words of one of the old-timers, "that old lady and her gang whooped and hollered at the polls until a man could scarcely think, let alone vote right." John Long seems to have been philosophic. After the election he is reported to have commented admiringly: "Doggone if Mary ain't beat me out of my liquor."

But it is concerning the Senator's mother, Caledonia Tyson Long, that the people of the Parish speak with unqualified admiration. "A bright woman," they say, "a noble woman, very religious and very ambitious for her children." Many is the time they saw her driving Huey to school at the end of a peach-tree sprout.

Huey was a smart and enterprising boy — it is true, as recounted in his autobiography, that twice in his early 'teens he ran away from home. Was he a leader of the boys? Yes, in a way. "If Huey couldn't pitch, he wouldn't play." A braggart, it appears, but not good in a fight. "Huey would always run like a turkey." All over Louisiana I heard that phrase. But in Winn Parish, used to describe Huey's behavior as a boy, it acquired a special significance. Perhaps it is true, I reflected, that Huey's well-known aversion to physical combat has an early and more or less neurotic basis.

### MULE WITH A ROMAN NOSE

**T**HE OFFICE of the country doctor was empty. On the wall I saw the diploma of an excellent medical college; near it was a scroll of neatly engraved verses:

"I stick to those who stick to me,  
All others need not bother me.  
Altho of patients I've no lack  
It takes the cash to run this shack.  
If I'm to be your doctor still  
You must keep paid up your bill."

Perhaps because of the failure of his patients to observe this injunction, I found the doctor putting in a corn crop. After some persuasion, he consented to talk to me. Did he know the Longs? Yes, he was born in Winnfield Parish, and had practiced there for forty years. Was he for Huey?

The doctor said, "Whoa," to his mule, spat, and regarded me somberly.

"Son," he said, "did you ever take a good look at Huey? Did you ever even take a good look at a mule? A mule with a Roman nose is no good; any farmer with any sense knows he's no good. He's just high-strung and he'll never be any good."

With which homespun preliminary, this country doctor, who had lived and worked wholly outside the currents of modern psychiatry and psychoanalysis as practiced in the great cities, proceeded to give me a cogent and rather convincing analysis of Huey's physical and psychological characteristics, including detailed comparisons with Hitler and Mussolini. A twisted psychological type, he thought, with a power fixation dating from boyhood — even then he always insisted he would be President some day. Physical cowardice balanced by malice and vindictiveness. A volcanic flow of neurotic energy — but he might blow up at any minute.

I quoted the judgment of a Southern man of letters — a Catholic — whom I had interviewed in New Orleans: "He has all the attributes of the mind of Satan — anger, pride, malice, vengefulness, lust."

The doctor snorted and brushed the ecclesiastical adjectives aside. Callie Long was a fine woman, but Callie Long's boy Huey was just a bad animal hopelessly off center and not to be trusted. With which the doctor bade me good day and returned to his plowing.

A few miles out of Sikes I passed Mineral Springs, where, in the Baptist Church and schoolhouse, Huey Long had debated socialism with Uncle Percy Smith, J. P. Lucas, and Little John Peters. Huey was in his 'teens then but already an aspiring orator. He took the democratic side of the debate, being teamed with Harley B. Bozeman, now one of his chief political opponents in Winnfield Parish. Huey lost that debate — the crowd was all for socialism. Now, however, the hill farmers were swinging to Huey. The towns too.

In Winnfield one of the leading lawyers assured me that Huey would win the primaries next January by a hundred-thousand majority. He was a Long man now. He hadn't always been. He had competed with Huey when the latter first started practicing law in Winnfield. Within two years Huey had grabbed the lion's share of the business away from the veterans. No, Huey hadn't been ethical. He hadn't waited for business to come to him. He had gone out and hustled for it. But you had to hand it to him. Everything they said was impossible Huey had done. Louisiana had never before produced a politician who could touch him.

### BITTER LOGIC

**D**RIVING NORTH into the Yazoo Delta, I tried to put together what I had learned about Callie Long's boy Huey. Unquestionably the lawyer was right: he is the ablest, the most formidable politician the South has produced since the Civil War — also the most ruthless. The doctor, I felt, was also right. Fragments of Huey's speeches occurred to me. What had he said when, after some minor political victory, his vanquished and chastened opponent sat on the platform with him? "There sits B——. I bought him the way you buy a sack of potatoes." If that isn't sadism, what is?

Again: "It is not true that I coerced Shreveport into accepting free schoolbooks and an airport. I stomped 'em into it."

What an ironic consummation — that the authentic, century-old revolt of the Southern hill farmers, first abolitionist, then Populist, then socialist, should spawn this neurotically galvanized superpolitician, this frail-ferocious potential dictator of the United States!

Yet how logical, how almost inevitable, after all. As Hamilton Basso has shown, Huey Long is not the first of his kind to arise in the South; he is merely the most forceful, the most imaginative, the most daring, the ablest. The tools to him who can use them.

Who can say, contemplating the career of Huey Long, that he has not proved himself adept at manipulating the materials of the current economic and political situation? The crowd, the vast American crowd, with its literate moronism, its simple faiths, its primitive greeds, its latent fears and hatreds, its worship of success, of the thing done, no matter what or how; the dilemma of big business, facing the accelerating anarchic chaos of its obsolete institutions, legalities, and processes — needing more and more urgently someone to pour the strong liquor of demagoguery that will keep the crowd still hoping but still fooled and frustrated.

And now behold the man, Huey P. Long, Jr., born with hatred in his bones and spurred by the fear which is hatred's other face; Huey Long, the man of many voices, the lawyer among lawyers, the hillbilly among hillbillies, the businessman among businessmen, above all, the politician among politicians, wanting power as a normal man wants bread or sex, brutal in victory, crafty and dangerous in defeat.

In New Orleans, when I asked about Huey, they said: "Louisiana is the rotten dog that bred the maggot." Will this be said one day of the nation?

# A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach  
President, Poetry Society of America



## A POETRY DEPARTMENT

**B**EGINNING in March, 1925, and continuing through 1926, *THE FORUM* maintained a rather distinguished poetry department. Four pages of each issue were devoted exclusively to poetry. The department was edited by Mr. Walter S. Hinchman. He culled from an average of three hundred poems submitted each week as many as two or three for publication in *THE FORUM*. At the same time he gave many of the unsuccessful candidates free advisory service in technical criticism of their verse.

In 1927 the staff of the magazine voted that public interest was not sufficient to continue the publication of four solid pages of verse. Were we wrong? Will all readers who feel that we ought to devote more pages to verse in *THE FORUM* in 1935 please write the Editor a postcard or a letter?

Here is what a veteran poet, Edgar Lee Masters, writes: "Dear Mr. Leach: I'd revive the poetry pages in *THE FORUM* by printing nothing but very excellent poems — no average stuff at all. I'd cut out all those who pull and haul and play politics to get printed. I'd try to voice the country and the age. I'd do it by doing it. Sculpture, painting, even illustrating are all honored. Short-story writing is remunerative; and the short story is an inferior art. A good poet can tell more in two pages than a short-story writer can in ten."

## A COLLEGE OF POETS

**N**OTHING OF late has given me more joy than a consignment of pamphlets, magazines, and books of verse published by the English Club of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. I had never heard of this college until last spring, when one of its students, Charlotte Radsliff, won third prize in *THE FORUM* Intercollegiate Poetry Contest. One judge gave her sonnet, "Pigeons," first place. I now find that a score of her fellow students write ingratiating verse. Here one stumbles on competence, freshness, gay, placid humor, sophisticated adult imagination, and every variety of theme without a hint of resorting to the bizarre. I almost wonder if both Emily Dickinson and Whittier are hovering about this happy campus. I am sure Lewis Carroll would enjoy "The Ballad of the Pink Umbrella" in the *Cornell Kiddie Book*.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

**D**ANCE OF FIRE, by Lola Ridge (Smith & Haas, \$2.00). When a poet improves, he exchanges one audience for another. The opening sequence is in the tradition of the sonnet, conceived as a cascade of verbal loveliness through which can be seen glints of an idea too intangible for a literal, downright approach. For sheer sound, it would be hard to find contemporary sonnets more beautiful than these, but the effect is a little hypnotic; it is hard to concentrate on the idea, which is both social and religious. The rest of the book is on ground made reverent by *Firehead* and familiar to old, admiring readers of Lola Ridge. The poem called "Three Men Die" links with the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

**LICHEN**, by Warren B. Horner (Published by the author, Shepherds-town, West Virginia, \$1.00). This is one of the better examples of the present outpouring of regional American verse. There is nothing pretentious in this native stuff, only natural beauty. Gentle brooks have quenched the thirst of many a panting hart:

### Yellow Root

*Back in the hills where I was reared  
There was a kind of plant called yellow  
root:*

*People chewed and gargled it  
For colds and sore throat;  
It had a bitter pucker in its juice  
That left grimaces for an hour.  
Old grannies made foul mixtures of the  
stuff  
And made the children take it.  
And often I have hunted in the woods  
To find the fragile, veined leaf  
And dig down into the black dirt  
For the roots to chew and gargle  
As all my grandsires had before me.  
Even so a sickened spirit might be cured  
With the bitter healing of the hills.*

**THE POEMS OF W. H. DAVIES** (Oxford, \$3.00). **LOVE POEMS**, by W. H. Davies (Oxford, \$1.25). The new collection of love lyrics by this veteran Welsh poet seems somewhat anemic, compared with his collected verse. I prefer No. 294 from the larger volume:

### Her Body's a Fine House

*Her body's a fine house,  
Three stories I have reckoned;*

*Her garter marks the first,  
A belt of silk the second:  
Her necklace marks the third,  
And know — before I stop —  
The garden of that house  
Is planted on the top.*

Mr. Davies is distinctly a "right winger," a veritable tory among contemporary poets. He uses the familiar rhymes, the familiar meters, even the familiar themes. But all old things are always new and wonderful to the true poet. Mr. Davies is a creator of ever-present creation.

**THE TRAGEDY OF MAN**, by Imre Madách, trans. from the original Hungarian by Charles Henry Meltzer and Paul Vajda (Macmillan, \$2.50). I am on Macmillan's list for all books of verse published by them. In the past few months this house has added to its laurels new poetry by Marianne Moore, Mark Van Doren, Harriet Monroe, Tristram Coffin, Yeats, and Masfield and now introduces adequately for the first time in English the solemn mystery drama which for the past seventy years has been the most popular play on the Hungarian stage.

The grandeur of Milton, the passion of Goethe, the psychology of Ibsen are all duplicated in Madách; but his original theme of man's destiny does not yield to imitation. In a series of visions ordered by Lucifer, Adam sees himself reincarnate with Eve, as these two — humanity — descend the ages. Adam is Pharaoh; he is a Roman; he is capitalist, communist; and Eve is a princess and a whore. Adam descends to an Eskimo who offers him his woman. But in the end Lucifer — eternal negation — fails to discourage Adam and Eve into suicide. They always renew their courage in the divine conflict of recreating life. In the final lines The Lord declares: "Man, I have spoken! . . . Fight! And, unfaltering, trust!"

This is magnificent poetry.

## MORE COLLEGE POETRY

**J**UDGED by the number of manuscripts that pour into this magazine, the production of college verse is on the increase. To relieve the jam, I shall publish on this page in September a number of honorary exhibits from the colleges which just failed of a prize in our recent college contest.

## TOASTS

GEORGE A. MORENO is an American citizen, a Roman Catholic, born of Latin parents. He has spent thirty years in Mexico and others of the Latin-American countries — as a businessman, not a student or investigator — and knows them inside out.

JONATHAN DANIELS studied for, and was admitted to, the bar but has never had a case. He became a newspaperman instead and now edits the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*, the only daily in America with a larger circulation than the population of the town in which it is published.

MILTON S. MAYER, a Chicago newspaperman, is an old FORUM contributor. He recently returned from a trip to Germany to study the Jewish situation.

EDWIN C. JOHNSON, Secretary of the Committee on Militarism in Education, hopes his work is an application of intelligence, realistically, to modern problems and resents the word "propaganda" in connection with it.

CLARENCE DAY is best known for his work in the *New Yorker*. He has just published a new book, *Life with Father*.

RALPH C. BISHOP served abroad in the World War. He is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Officers' Reserve Corps and Secretary of the Civilian Military Education Fund.

HAROLD GOLDMAN has been both architect and artist, composer and lyricist. He is coauthor of a play to be produced this fall in New York.

JAMES RORTY'S articles in this and the August issues will be part of his new book, *The Unsentimental Journey*.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER has moved from New York City to the Adirondacks and is engaged principally in continued revision of his poetry anthologies.

YEE WAH is a Chinese resident of California, a respectful admirer of America but an unquenchable patriot of his native land, opposing strenuously those who would "Westernize" China.

B. B. TOLNAI has been a newspaper reporter and a publicist and has written features for a Hungarian daily published in New York City.

ADELAIDE LOVE, a graduate of Smith College, is the author of two volumes of poetry, *The Slender Singing Tree* and *The Crystal Flute*.

RUTH PICKERING, a Vassar and Columbia graduate, has been a staff member on various magazines, recently completing two years with *Arts and Decoration*.

J. B. RHINE concludes with this issue his second series of FORUM articles on psychic research.

G. KENYON ASHENDEN was born in London. He saw military service in India and Burma and came to America in 1895.

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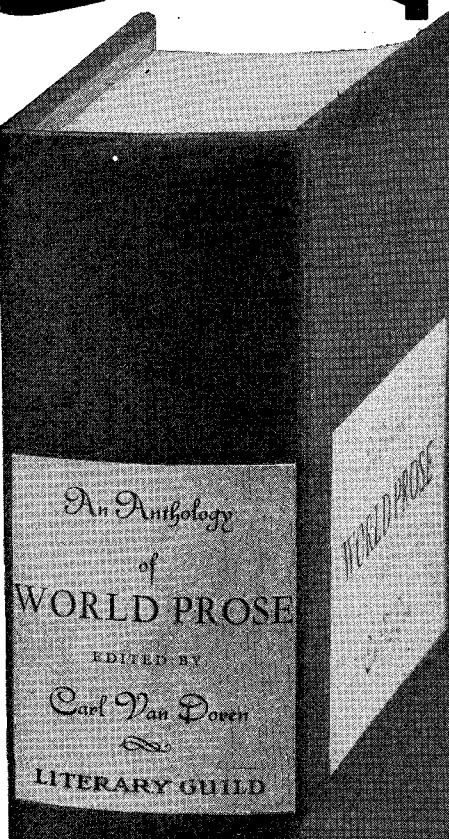
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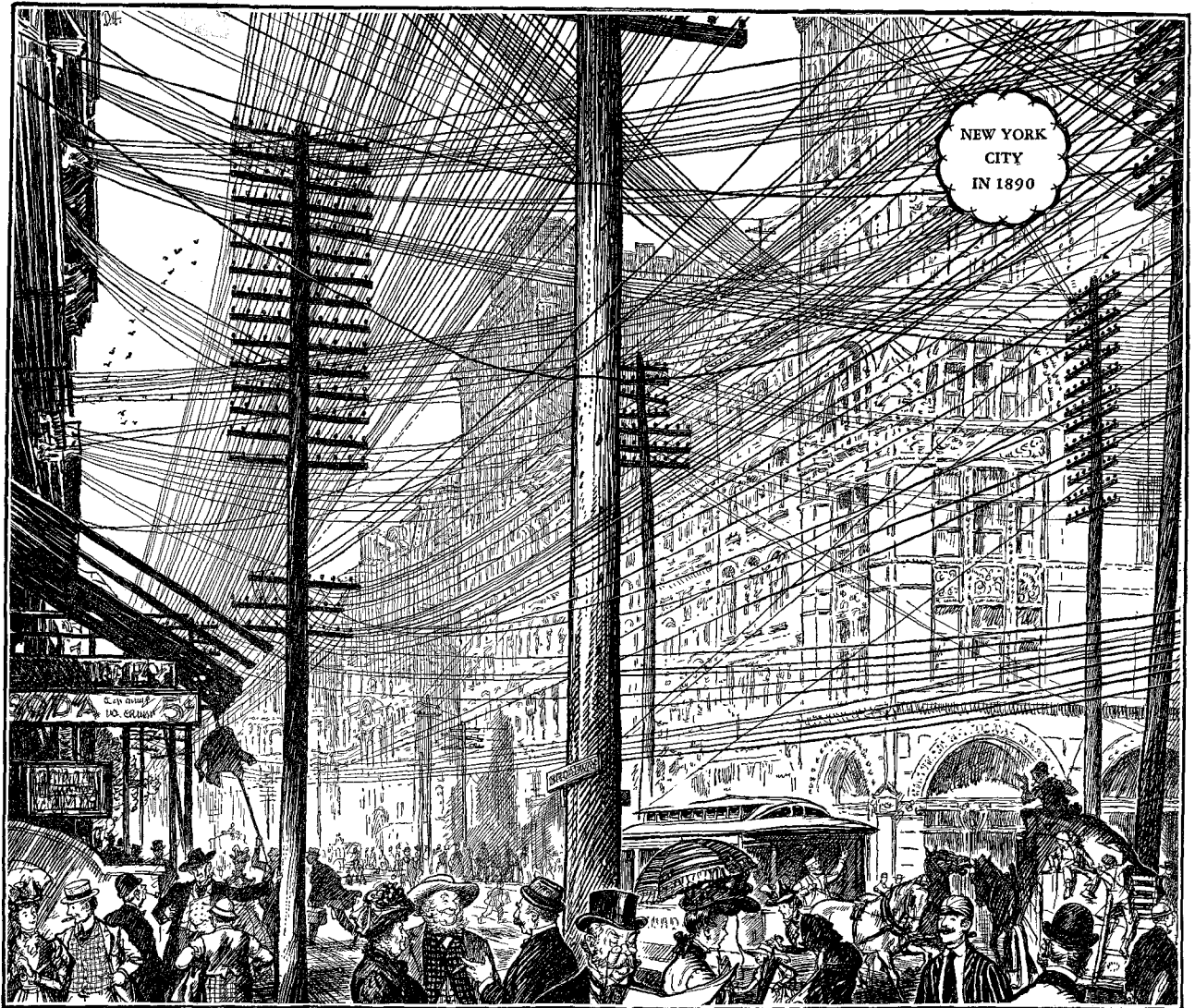
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BACK in the early days of the telephone, practically all wires were carried overhead on poles or on house-tops. Some of the tallest poles carried as many as thirty cross-arms and three hundred wires.

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Better ways had to be found and the Bell System found those ways. As many as 1800 pairs of wires are now carried in a cable no larger than a baseball bat. Ninety-four

per cent of the Bell System's 80,000,000 miles of wire is in cable; sixty-five per cent of it is beneath the ground.

This has meant a series of conquests of space, and insured greater clarity and dependability for every telephone user. But it is only one of many kinds of improvements that have been made.

The present generation does not remember the old days of the telephone. Service is now so efficient that you accept it as a matter of course. It seems as if it must always

have been so. Yet it would be far different today if it were not for the formation and development of the Bell System.

Its plan of centralized research, manufacture and administration — with localized operation — has given America the best telephone service in the world.

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

## Next Month

and later

### ETHIOPIA AND HER PEOPLE

*R. E. Cheesman*

What do you actually know about the land or the humans who live in it? How many of them are there? What is their race? Their religion? Their history? Are they barbarous, as the Italians charge, to the point of castrating their prisoners of war? Questions like these Major Cheesman answers with undisputed authority.

### EVEN THE BEST COOKS ARE MEN!

*Margaret Mead*

Pondering the question which has been asked so often: Why are men more successful in nearly every material line of endeavor than women? Miss Mead has evolved an interesting theory. If women excel their male associates in a common undertaking, they proportionately lose favor in masculine eyes as far as normal sex distinctions are concerned. And the same applies to men who engage in activities usually pre-empted by women.

### WANTED: INTERPRETERS

*Eleanor R. Wembridge*

If you don't know why politicians like Huey Long succeed where high-minded public men fail, Miss Wembridge will tell you. They speak the language, chatter the lingo of the all-important, inarticulate masses. Can you picture a dignified statesman leading a gathering of voters in the following ditty, to the tune of "How Dry I Am": "We're glad we come! We're glad we come!" Maybe we'd be better off if some of them did!

### PEACE AND ABUNDANCE

*Oliver Williams*

The author of "The Silent Tariff War," in *THE FORUM* last January, writes another forceful exposition of his theories of free trade. We may think that by limiting domestic production and curtailing imports we are raising our standards of living, but what we are doing meanwhile to the rest of the world will have its devastating effects on us in its own good time. One of those effects is war.

### HAS DEMOCRACY FAILED

A DEBATE

Democracy both in theory and practice has cracked to bits in Russia, in Italy, in Germany. Elsewhere, tottering under the impact of the depression, its future is dubious. Its firmest advocates have long admitted its notable inefficiency in some respects. Now comes Lord William Cecil, Bishop of Exeter, to answer the question posed in this title with a resounding "Yes!" and to declare that democracy is not only inefficient but immoral! A reply to his arguments will be published in the same issue.

### OTHER FEATURES

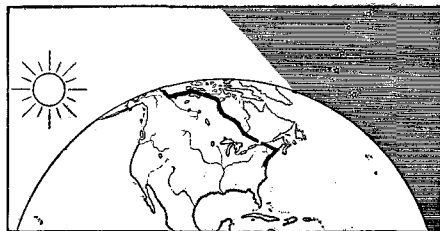
"Up to Meet the Sunrise," a flying sketch by William H. Wenstrom; "The Unhappily Married Clergy," a reply to "Should Catholic Priests Marry?" by Evelyn A. Cummins; "The Democratic Way to Prosperity," by Bertram B. Fowler; "The Key to Peace," by Vyvyan Adams; "The Data of Survival," by Miriam Allen deFord.

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Vol. XCIV; No. 3.



by Anne Morrow  
Lindbergh  
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**THE BOOK PARADE**

BY EDITH H. WALTON



**PRESIDENT MASARYK TELLS HIS STORY**, by Karel Capek (Putnam, \$2.50). Informal, even conversational in tone, here are the reflections and reminiscences of a very great old man as reported by Karel Capek. The main outlines of President Masaryk's story are, of course, familiar — how he was born the son of an illiterate serf, how he battled courageously toward a position of scholarly eminence, how, during the war, he worked in exile for Czech independence, and how, in 1918, he became the new country's first president and has remained in that office ever since. Factually, in short, there is little that is new in this book. Its charm and distinction derive from its revelation of an extraordinary personality. A moralist first and last, a lover of mankind, a sensible, pragmatic, and humble-minded statesman, Masaryk in his middle eighties has a freshness of spirit and an acuteness of intelligence which men decades younger would be lucky to possess. As he broods over his incredibly crowded life, stresses the experiences which were most momentous to him, and gives his views on socialism, religion, or democracy, one is aware of the kind of ripe wisdom which is dearly and rarely bought. This is an amazing book.

**DON FERNANDO**, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Easily one of the best books that Mr. Maugham has written in many years, this is a collection of stray musings and variations on Spanish themes. It appears that Mr. Maugham once intended to write a romantic novel about Spain's Golden Age, in preparation for which he did a great deal of delving into sixteenth-century Spanish literature. The novel never materialized, but instead we have Mr. Maugham's reflections on his extensive reading and on the saints and rogues, the writers and artists of the late Spanish Renaissance. Included in a book which includes almost everything are iconoclastic opinions about Cervantes and El Greco, disquisitions on Spanish cooking, art, and character, sketches of Spanish scenes, and the usual aphorisms about the art of writing which one has come to expect in almost any of Mr. Maugham's books. There is no mention in *Don Fernando*, no real appreciation of the great Spanish mystics who figure in its pages, but to expect anything like that from Mr. Maugham would be merely naïve. It is sufficient that the book is almost flawlessly written and that it is flavored with Mr. Maugham's characteristic brand of sophisticated irony.

**ASYLUM**, by William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). An astonishing and bravely outspoken book, *Asylum* is on the whole more engrossing than any of Mr. Seabrook's well-known stories of adventure. Having suffered for two years from acute alcoholism, Mr. Seabrook had himself committed for treatment and cure to one of the oldest and largest insane asylums in the East. Not being in any way deranged, he was in a position to extract full value from his unusual seven months' experience, and the story which he has brought back with him is rich in humor, pathos, novelty, and fantastic incident. The modern insane asylum, as few people fully realize, has dispensed with straitjackets, handcuffs, and other rigorous forms of physical confinement; it has substituted psychiatry, a maximum of freedom, even for the more violent patients, and variegated social activities which are obligatory for all. Though only, as he says, a chronic drunk, Mr. Seabrook mingled freely with patients who had the most bizarre afflictions; he learned their stories, their special obsessions; and he recounts what he learned and saw with a crisp, sympathetic humor which never becomes offensive. *Asylum* is a natural. It is as consistently absorbing as any book that I have read in months.

**GRAND TOUR**, by Patrick Balfour (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75). Another of those casual young Englishmen who are prepared to go halfway round the world at the drop of a hat, Mr. Balfour, like Peter Fleming, was launched on his travels by a newspaper advertisement. To journey to India by Rolls-Royce seemed to him a promising adventure, and with a party headed by the extraordinary "Colonel Christmas" he bumped precariously over the wild roads of Persia and Afghanistan to reach his appointed goal. Later, on his own initiative, Mr. Balfour visited Malaya, Indo-China, Siam, and the mountainous, almost legendary kingdom of Nepal. Wherever he went Mr. Balfour was as much interested in oddities of character and custom as in landscape or the monuments of antiquity. The result is a book which is fresh, unconventional, and consistently amusing. Parts of it, such as the chapters on Nepal and Afghanistan, are genuinely brilliant, and even in its more trivial moments it is never dull. Mr. Balfour is not quite so witty a writer as Mr. Fleming, but on the other hand he is not so self-conscious about his humor. *Grand Tour* belongs on the same shelf as *Brazilian Adventure* and is, perhaps, a more honest and straightforward job.

## The Book Parade

**WAR CLOUDS IN THE SKIES OF THE FAR EAST**, by Tom Ireland (Putnam, \$2.75). There is no comfort for the American State Department in this shrewd, painstaking, pragmatic book, which questions vigorously the wisdom of our policy toward Japan. Nothing, says Mr. Ireland, is going to prevent Japan from overrunning China if that continues to seem necessary for her national existence. Like it or not, we might as well accept it and abandon the lofty morality of our attitude toward Manchukuo, as France and England, more realistic than we, have already begun to do. If we continue our attempt to defend the integrity of China we shall find ourselves engaged in a deadly struggle for naval supremacy with Japan — to be followed, in all probability, by war. Mr. Ireland's book is not written, one should add, from an unduly alarmist viewpoint. It is a very sober, very thorough, and highly factual study of the whole Japanese question — with special emphasis on the antecedents of the Manchurian invasion. While not glossing over Japan's offenses, Mr. Ireland is palpably appreciative of her plight and anxious that the inexorable logic of her imperialist policy should be recognized in America. The course which he advises is hardly noble, but he makes it seem extremely sensible.

**IN PRAISE OF GENTLEMEN**, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick (Little, Brown, \$2.00). To defend property and privilege, the aristocratic ideal, is, in these days, a piece of daring iconoclasm. In this apologia for the vanishing "Guild of Gentlemen" Mr. Sedgwick, however, stands bravely by his class. He admits his distaste for democracy, equality, and humanitarianism; he records his belief that the gentleman rendered a service to society equivalent to the cost of producing him. Suavely and with Bostonian urbanity, he defines the traditional virtues of the gentleman, shows how the type was modified throughout history, and analyzes the modern forces which are — so deplorably — doing away with a genuine leisure class. For some readers his bland little book will have a mellow, old-world charm. To others it will seem appallingly reactionary and smugly narrow in its assumptions. About one thing, however, there cannot be two opinions. This is just the book for which the Humanists have been looking.

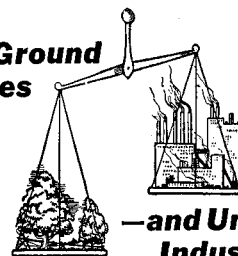
**THE FURYS**, by James Hanley (Macmillan, \$2.50). An English seaport and manufacturing city whose people are tossed and turmoiled in the violence of a strike furnishes the setting of this grim drama of a poor, working-class Irish family. The story of the Furys centers around the brave and determined Fanny Fury, who has sacrificed the love of her older children and the scanty savings of her husband to make a

priest of Peter, the youngest son. Mr. Hanley depicts, in harsh and awkward prose that has strength and vitality and the ugliness of truth in its fibers, the bitter tragedy of her defeat when Peter comes home from college in disgrace. *The Furys* is a case history of proletarian misery which flinches at nothing. It is not a pleasant book but it is an unforgettable one. A long time has passed since characters as memorable as Fanny Fury, her husband Denny, the old grandfather, Aunt Brigid, and Desmond, the oldest son, have sprung from the pages of modern literature. Definitely they raise their creator among the important writers of today.

**THE SAN LUCA**, by Cilette Ofaire (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). In 1923, the Ofaire, Charles and Cilette, two Parisian artists who were feeling acutely the pinch of post-War poverty, hit upon the romantic and economical notion of living on a boat. They found one that suited their purposes in the marshes bordering the Elbe between Hamburg and the sea. After four months of carpentry, scraping, and painting, they launched their craft and set out. *The San Luca* tells the story of their travels up and down the rivers and canals of Germany, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium, and France and along the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Delightful as this little book is, one never catches more than a fleeting glimpse of the many fascinating scenes and characters which Mme. Ofaire and her husband encountered. It is rather a pity that such splendid sketches were not developed into a full-bodied painting.

**FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES**, by George Cronyn (Covici, Friede, \$2.50). By a tricky and not always successful device, the history of the Peirces, a typical Midwestern family, is confided by one of the sons to a New York psychiatrist. Charles Worden Peirce had started life as a clergyman, and had been betrayed by his quixotic idealism and his hot-blooded infractions of the Puritan code. His three sons, influenced variously by their father's rebellion and their mother's suicide, develop into ill-adjusted human beings, and one of them — the brother who had always worshiped conventionality and success — has just leaped from a hotel window to the bewilderment of everybody. It is the psychiatrist's business, and Mr. Cronyn's, to diagnose the reasons for Max's death and for the frustration of Clyde and Byron. *Fortune and Men's Eyes* is a solid, shrewd, and thoroughly American novel. It is not brilliantly written, nor is Mr. Cronyn unduly perceptive about personal relations, but the book gives an excellent cross-sectional picture of the forces and ideas which have worked

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## The Book Parade

upon average, middle-class people during the past three decades. Incidentally, this is a surprising successor to Mr. Cronyn's medieval romance, *The Fool of Venus*.

THE APPLE IS BITTEN AGAIN, by Olive Moore (Dutton, \$2.00). Reflections and aphorisms from the notebooks of an arrogant individualist who belies her own wit by professing a contempt for women. Miss Moore dislikes lady writers, businessmen, sentimentalists; she is in favor of wine, cannibalism, male artists, laughter, and all the juicier joys of living. Very perverse and startling, her opinions are sometimes shrewd but more often merely silly. If Miss Moore had tried less hard to be sensational and unique, the apples of wisdom which she offers might not seem so sour.

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? by Horace McCoy (Simon & Schuster, \$2.00). To summarize baldly and briefly, the hero of this disturbing story shoots the girl who had been his partner throughout a Hollywood dance marathon. That Gloria had asked him to do so the law would not believe; that she was right in thinking herself better off dead was judged inadmissible. Brutal if you choose to look at it that way, hard-boiled in manner, and rigidly unsentimental, Mr. McCoy's very original novel is an indirect commentary on the cruelty and degradation of modern society. His picture of the marathon, and of the luckless, subhuman young people who participate in it, is quite unforgettable, and, though his actual plot is melodramatic, he knows his background so well that one accepts the eventual tragedy.

FELICIANA, by Stark Young (Scribner, \$2.50). More to this reviewer's taste than *So Red the Rose*, this is a random collection of sketches and tales, many of them about the lovely old plantation houses of Feliciana Parish, near New Orleans. The glamorous McGeehees reappear in several stories, and there are as well some really excellent character sketches of Negro servants and retainers. Gracious, leisurely, urbane, Mr. Young is an adept at revealing the best side of the old South. His refusal to face its uglier aspects and his underlying sentimentality are less apparent in a book of fragments like *Feliciana* than in a full-length novel.

CORNISH OF SCOTLAND YARD, by G. W. Cornish (Macmillan, \$2.00). These are the exciting memoirs of a man who spent nearly forty years of his life in the service of Scotland Yard. During that time he worked on some of the most famous cases in which that institution has been involved. As he tells about them, in crisp, measured language that takes nothing for granted, one often finds his experiences far more enthralling than the mystery-

draped fictions of detective-story writers. Particularly good are his accounts of the Great Pearl Robbery, the Charing Cross Trunk Murder, and the Case of Samuel James Furnace. And, for those readers who delight in puzzling over sinister problems, Mr. Cornish's chapters on the unsolved murders of Vera Page, Maida Vale, and Doctor Zemenides are especially recommended.

ILLYRIAN SPRING, by Ann Bridge (Little, Brown, \$2.50). Trading China for the Dalmatian coast, Ann Bridge has written another charming atmospheric tale of the English in foreign parts. A painter by profession and the youthful mother of grown children, Lady Kilmichael runs away from home because her family has been stifling and wounding her self-confidence. In Illyria she encounters a blond young man, also an artist, who becomes her constant companion and who gradually falls in love with her, despite the difference in age. Nothing can come of their mutual attraction, but the experience is valuable to both, and her months of idyllic freedom restore Lady Kilmichael's courage and self-respect. A wistfully ingratiating story, with a lovely setting, *Illyrian Spring* is as good a light novel as *Peking Picnic* itself.

THE TIME IS RIPE, by Walter Greenwood (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). In his previous novel, *Love on the Dole*, which has rightly been called "the most moving and authentic novel of the unemployed," Mr. Greenwood dealt largely with the pinched and hopeless lives of British laborers in a large manufacturing city. The present work is a continuation of the same theme, to which he has added some smarting satire at the expense of those struggling, ambitious little men, one step up the social ladder, whom H. G. Wells typified in *Mr. Polly*.

LATTER HOWE, by Doreen Wallace (Macmillan, \$2.50). A quiet but intensely felt novel, *Latter Howe* has as its setting the English lake country. Lanty Lewthwaite, a young sheep farmer, marries a woman (some ten years older than he) who is a don in a university. Despite the differences in their age, background, and education, Lanty and Katherine are extremely happy together on their remote farm in the hills until Katherine develops tuberculosis and her managing family begins interfering with their lives. How they fought for their love against incredibly adverse circumstances and how Katherine's death failed to embitter Lanty is the theme of a story which has moments of genuine loveliness and is uniformly well written.

SOMEBODY IN BOOTS, by Nelson Algren (Vanguard, \$2.50). A grim, mordant, and

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very harrowing book, this is the story of those underdogs of America who have been taking to the road with increasing frequency during our dark years. Cass McKay, who was reared squalidly in a Texas border town, left home at sixteen to join the ragged army of those who ride the rails. He came to know cold, hunger, brutality, and the coarsening influence of county jails, until at last, in Chicago, he had his first intoxicating experience of crime. Mr. Algren is amazingly familiar with the lingo and habits of society's outcasts and describes their predicament with disturbing power. His viewpoint, of course, is Marxian, but he refrains for the most part from mounting a literary soapbox.

**LAND OF WOMEN**, by Katharina von Dombrowski (Little, Brown, \$2.50). A grim addition to the appalling annals of dictatorship, this is the fictionized story of Francisco Solano López, third Supremo of Paraguay. From Paris, where he had received a superficial polish at the court of Napoleon III, Francisco brought back as mistress an Irish-born courtesan who went by the name of Madame Eliza Lynch. When Francisco became dictator after the death of his kindly father, Eliza abetted his predatory cruelty and encouraged him in his dreams of empire. During the 1860's Paraguay fought a fatal war against Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, a war which practically wiped out the male population and which whipped Francisco's blood frenzy to fever heat. *Land of Women* is a tale of torture and savagery in a land which pretended to be civilized but which remained curiously primitive. Its cumulative effect is considerable—especially since Mme. von Dombrowski is so familiar with the folkways of Paraguay's native population of Guarani Indians—but unfortunately it is clumsily and stodgily written. Were this not so, *Land of Women* might be a really distinguished historical novel, for its material is fresh, colorful, and inherently dramatic.

**BRIGHT DESTINATION**, by Darwin Teilhet (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00). Dashing and not a little rowdy, this picaresque extravaganza describes the adventures of a red-haired American with a traveling French circus. A radio writer by profession, Mark Doughty goes to France to seek an errant wife. When he is in turn sought by the police, who mistake him for a dangerous communist, he joins fortunes with Antonino the juggler and Lucia, daughter of the famous circus owner, Captain Bonbardino, and in their company experiences strange adventure. Mr. Teilhet's hilarious comedy of errors is written with a good deal of zest, and his account of small-circus life has genuine flavor. One is not surprised to learn from the jacket

copy that he has had circus experience himself.

**THE FARMER IN THE DELL**, by Phil Stong (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). If this tale is not headed for the movies, with Will Rogers in the principal role, then Mr. Stong and I have both missed our guess. Pa Boyer, a lovable old Iowan farmer, turns up in Hollywood just as the purity campaign is well under way. By a series of happy accidents he is given a major part in the current epic of the soil and panics the hard-boiled industry by his naïveté and his trusting goodness. Mr. Stong has gone Hollywood in a double sense, but, whether his fairy tale strikes one as comic or shamelessly trite, it is unquestionably sure-fire.

**ANGEL MAKING MUSIC**, by Ferenc Molnar (Smith & Haas, \$2.00). A fragile, lightly romantic story of young love in modern Venice, *Angel Making Music* has all the conciseness and the polish which one associates with Molnar. Irma Leitzen, spoiled, inexperienced, and wealthy, falls crazily in love with the sober young Hungarian who has once been her father's secretary. She cannot reconcile herself to his indifference nor to his passion for her

mother's trained nurse and, in her pathetic, virginal innocence, she hurls herself ineptly at his head and wounds herself in the process. Molnar is a very skillful anatomist of the pangs of late adolescence, and the glitter of his Venetian background adds appreciably to the charm of a pleasantly seductive little novel.

**HUNGRY MEN**, by Edward Anderson (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00). This able but rather tepid story of life in the American "jungle" was a joint winner of the contest for *Story* contributors and is, incidentally, as different as it could possibly be from Dorothy McCleary's *Not for Heaven*. Mr. Anderson's Ace Stecker is a muzzy-minded unemployed musician who drifts restlessly about the country, becomes acquainted with flophouses and box cars, and spends a good many footless months loitering about the New York waterfront. Lacking any real social viewpoint, the book contrasts unfavorably with more genuine proletarian novels, is extremely well written, but is deficient in bite, power, humor, and driving reality. It is an adequate reportorial picture of life on the road, but one feels that there is no integrated purpose nor any real feeling behind it.

### ● Recommended by Physicians

## The SEX TECHNIQUE in MARRIAGE

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON,  
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Mental and Nervous Diseases, London

Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.  
Former Commissioner of Education,  
New York City

### CONDENSED RÉSUMÉ

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Preparation for Marriage<br>The Sex Organs of Men;<br>of Women<br>Sex Instinct in Men; in<br>Women<br>Analysis of Sex Inter-<br>course<br>The Technique of the<br>Sex-Act<br>Practical Considerations<br>The First Sex-Act<br>Adjustment to Sex Life;<br>Difficulties; Mutual<br>Consideration<br>Frequency of Intercourse<br>Positions in Performing<br>the Sex-Act | Influence of Age, Sex In-<br>stinct, Health<br>Sex Intercourse During<br>Pregnancy; After Child<br>Birth<br>Inability to Perform<br>Sexually<br>Menstruation and the<br>"Change of Life"<br>Curable Childlessness<br>The Value of Birth Con-<br>trol<br><b>FIVE DIAGRAMS</b><br>The Male Sex Organs<br>(Two Views)<br>The Female Sex Organs<br>(Two Views)<br>Male and Female Repro-<br>ductive Cells |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

### International Acclaim

Below are a few of scores of publications, lay and medical, that have praised **SEX TECHNIQUE**: *Journal of the American Medical Association*; *Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin*; *The Lancet* (London); *American Journal of Psychiatry*; *Japan Medical World*; *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*; *Indian Medical Gazette*; *American Journal of Nursing*; *Irish Journal of Medical Science*; *Cleveland Press*; *Canadian Practitioner*; *San Francisco News*; *Medical Journal of Australia*; *Cincinnati Inquirer*; *Scottish Health*; *Providence Journal*; *Parents Magazine*; *Medical Times*; *British Medical Journal*; *Journal of Neurology and Psychopathology*; *King's College Magazine*; *Public Health* (London); *Eugenics Review* (London); *Middlesex Hospital Journal*; *London Hospital Gazette*, etc.

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\* The membership of the A.M.A. consists of approximately 100,000 physicians.

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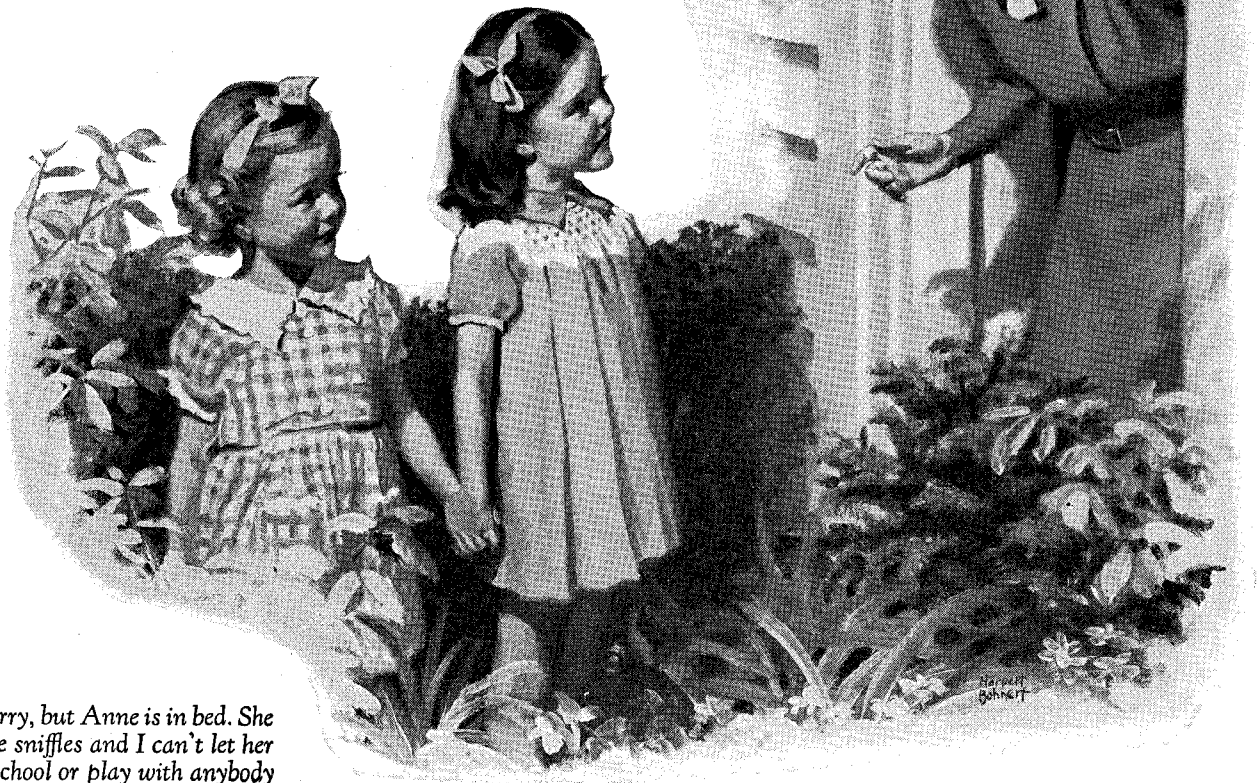
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